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From Publisher—To You

FUNDAMENTALLY, our problem in this country is to solve our social questions through political action. Anything is good that tends to clarify the problems which present themselves and paves the way for intelligent discussion of the best solution. Conversely, anything that obscures the issue and throws dust over the problem is a distinct disservice.

WE would place in the latter category the attack on Governor Smith's youthful political career as a New York Assemblyman, by William Allen White. The sum total of Mr. White's remarks is an attempt to identify Governor Smith now with the reign of the saloon —a thing the Governor has declared he wishes never to see return. The effect of the charges—no matter when or how Governor Smith answers them—is to obscure by a reminder of a past state of affairs (a day when a young man represented at Albany a wet district in New York) the country's present effort to solve the liquor question.

SO far as The Outlook is concerned, it is well known that this magazine has always been for temperance, but has never looked upon the Prohibition Law, as at present conceived and administered, as the final word on the liquor question. During the last two years it has seen increasing evidences of the faults of the law and the unsatisfactory results that have flowed from it. It has become convinced that it is only a matter of time before another genuine progressive step toward temperance could be taken which would be as distinct an advance over the present Prohibition Law as that was over the open saloon.

BECAUSE of this conviction, it has hoped that either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Smith would come out in this campaign with a clear, definite plan which would solve the present problem. So far, neither candidate has done this, although Mr. Smith has signified that he will.

FROM this point of view, it does not appear to what constructive end Mr. White's attack leads. It does not seem clear to us that he is fighting for or against any particular solution. He seems merely to be attacking for the fun of attacking. The sole usefulness we can see in his remarks is that they may act as a spur to both candidates to propose plans for action rather than issues for recrimination.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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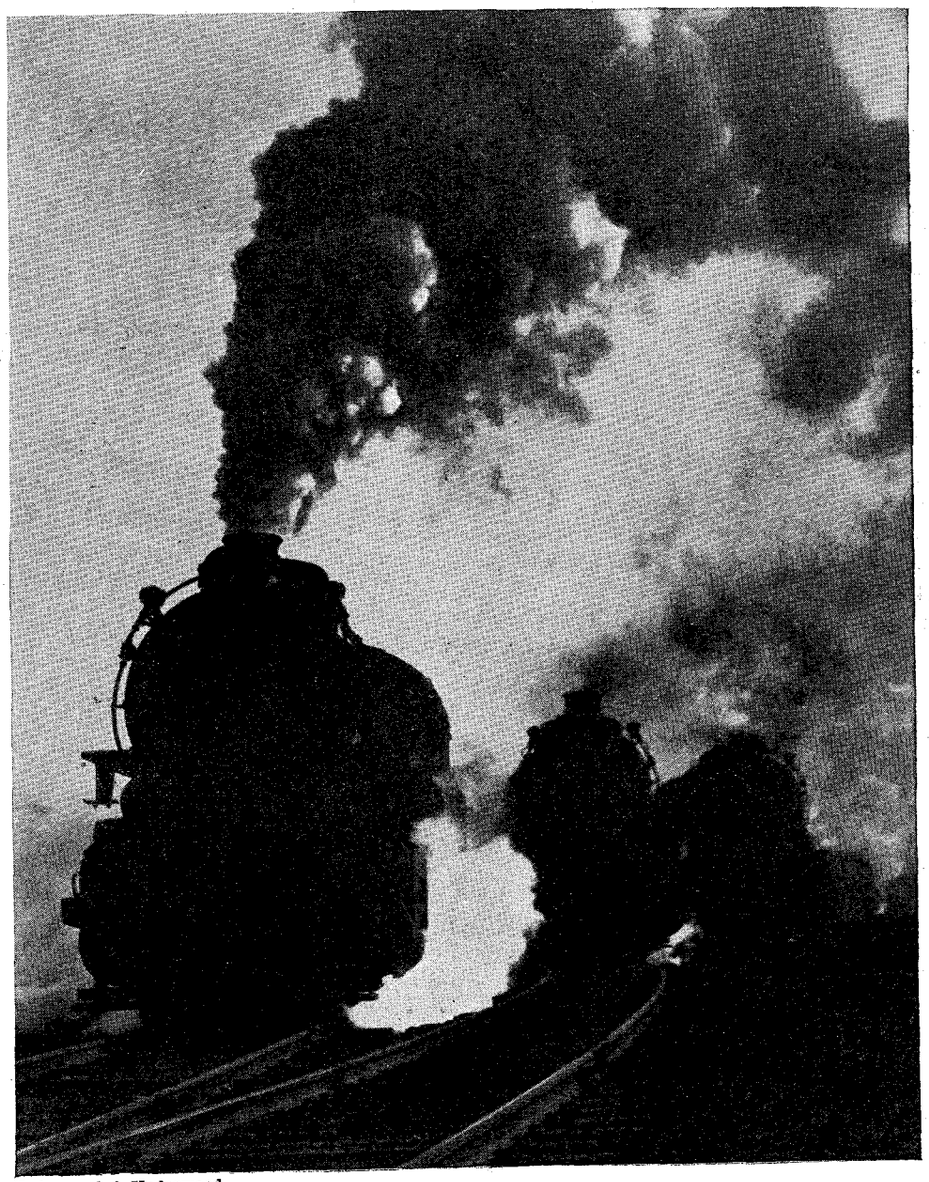

Underwood & Underwood

THREE MODERN MONSTERS

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The Outlook

August 8, 1928

The World This Week

White Looks into His Charges

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE stopped over in New York on his way to Europe to announce that he had investigated his attack on Governor Smith, and had proved his charges.

The editor, addressing a Republican convention in Kansas in July, said, in effect, that the Democratic candidate was honest and courageous and able—but a friend of the saloon, the gambler, and the prostitute.

Smith denied some of the charges and explained others, which dealt entirely with his record as a young legislator. He suggested that the Kansan had been misled by the propaganda sheets of one Rev. O. R. Miller, whom he described as "a professional parasite."

Since that time, Mr. White admits, he has had the Governor's legislative record investigated by two experts; he is now satisfied that he told the truth the first time. He is ready, he says, to submit photostatic copies of every vote.

"These detailed votes," he told reporters, "will show that he voted or is so recorded nearly a dozen years on the big controversial measures with the most notorious saloon men in the Tammany delegation. He, with all his intelligence, with all his honesty, with all his courage—which no one questions—seems to have left his high qualities in escrow with Charles Murphy when he went to Albany and there made a Tammany record on the saloon, the gambler, and the prostitute."

A detailed analysis of Smith's record as Assemblyman, published the same day by the New York "Evening Post," makes no mention of legislation affecting prostitution.

"I am throwing no mud at Governor Smith," said Mr. White. He is honest, he is brave, he is intelligent. I don't question his motives. To get where he is with his crowd he had to do what he did, and from his standpoint it was probably worth the price. But the real point of interest in that record for the American people now, if Governor Smith will defend it, is the picture of Tammany putting the pressure on fine, aspiring young men like Al Smith, forcing them to use their courage, not upon the evils of Tammany, but in behalf of the friends of Tammany. The record will show how Tammany demands that a man of Governor Smith's intelligence twist that intelligence into a weapon for Tammany's use; how it overlays his conscience with Tammany psychology so that his loyalty is to Tammany when Tammany's interest clashes with that of his city, his State, or his country."

Mr. White acknowledged that this was "the old record of a young man." Governor Smith would not comment.

Political Combat in Mexico

THE assassination of President-elect Obregon has brought the two main, and nearly equal, forces in Mexico out into open pitched battle in the political field—the end of which no one can foresee.

The moves have followed each other with a rapidity that shows how sharp is the struggle for power. The Obregonist agrarians accused Luis Morones, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and the Labor Party, which he heads, of complicity in the killing. Morones and the Labor leaders in the Cabinet of President Calles resigned "to assist in maintaining the unity of the revolutionary family" and to facilitate the investigation of the crime. Morones disappeared—it was reported that he had been shot and that he had quit the country.

The Obregonistas, while urging that there be no death penalty for Toral, the slayer of their chieftain, insisted on an implacable fight to drive the Labor Party out of office. President Calles responded by reiterating his belief, voiced immediately after the murder, that the Catholic faction was responsible for having stirred a fanatical believer up to the point of making the assault on Obregon—notwithstanding the fact that the Catholic clergy were doing what they could to aid in the police inquiry. The Obregonistas at once put forward a suggestion that Aaron Saenz, Governor of Nueva Leon, should become Provisional President in December at the end of the term of Calles. Saenz, however, indicated that he would support Calles for continuation in power.

The whole contest is still developing in too much confusion for the result to be certain—the Obregonistas driving for a decisive test of strength with the Laborites, and Calles striving to avoid an open conflict between the two strongest organized groups in his troubled country.

In the Far East

Two things stand out at the present moment in the Far East—the struggle between China and Japan for control in Manchuria and Mongolia, and the friendly attitude of the United States in recognizing the Nationalist administration at Nanking as the Government in fact of China and in signing a new treaty according to China the right to fix her own tariffs.

In Manchuria the Japanese Government has opposed an agreement between the Nationalists and the Mukden Government to bring the three Manchurian provinces into union with the rest of

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China under the direction of Nanking. Chang Hsiao-liang, the youthful Manchurian dictator, has rejected proposals of unification and broken off conferences with the Nationalists. Meanwhile, Inner Mongolia—bordering on Manchuria—has announced adherence to their cause.

The Nationalists have countered by formally notifying Japan of the expiration of the Chinese-Japanese commercial treaty, which technically terminated in 1926, and proposing to deal with Japanese residents in China under Chinese law pending the conclusion of a new treaty. Japan has protested, citing a clause which provided that unless the treaty was replaced within six months it would hold for another ten years. The contention is important as a precedent, since there is a similar clause in the Chinese-Italian treaty which Italy proposes to invoke.

The situation is complicated by the seizure of the port of Chefoo by troops of Chang Tsung-chang, one of the defeated northern militarists suspected of close relations with the Japanese, challenging the authority of the Nationalists.

At the same time, the United States has withdrawn nearly fifteen hundred marines from China, on the ground that conditions are now safe for Americans there, and has announced the signature of a new treaty conceding the principle of tariff autonomy subject only to guaranties that American business shall have the same treatment accorded to the most favored nation. This prevents higher rates on American goods than may be charged against other nations if they maintain the terms of earlier tariff agreements. The Chinese-American treaty was preceded only two days by the announcement that the United States was ready for the step. It came as a surprise to the other Powers in the Far East, for whose action it establishes a none too welcome precedent. And in announcing that the United States asks in China "only that which we ask from every nation" the Washington Administration gave a broad hint of abandonment of extra-territorial privileges.

Bolts

THE extent of the deviation from party lines that is to come about in this year's campaign cannot, as yet, be measured; it seems certain, however, that there will be more of it than we have known in recent times.

The defection in the South, the critical Democratic battle-ground, is more apparent at the moment than in the West, the danger zone of the Republicans. The line wavers in the corn country, but it has nowhere actually broken.

The state of the Democratic line in the South is not so good. With the withdrawal of Senator Furnifold Simmons from the Democratic National Committee, the strip of normally Democratic territory in which the old war horses of the Committee have slipped the bridle extends from Chickasaw Bluffs, on the Mississippi, to Scotland Neck, on the Atlantic. Urey Woodson, of Kentucky, and Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, left the Committee at Houston. In the plethora of news little was said of their action. They, like Senator Simmons, made no statement. The reasons were doubtless not identical, but anticipation of an unpopular campaign probably figured in each case.

Clubb in the Rochester Times-Union

"Giva da monk da mon!"

Senator Simmons has been consistently and outspokenly opposed to Governor Smith. He made in North Carolina the only definite and successful fight that was waged against the selection of Smith delegates. He has long been the Democratic leader in his State, and, so far as can be ascertained, he is just as powerful today. His action adds somewhat to the likelihood that North Carolina has ceased to be bound by the Democratic tradition; which, however, does not necessarily mean that it will return a Republican majority.

Along with Senator Simmons's resignation came the bolt of Robert L. Owen, former Senator from Oklahoma, and long a factor in Democratic councils. Unlike Senator Simmons, Senator Owen made public his reason. He "would not stand for" a Tammany President.

Governor Smith replied:

"Naturally, I am sorry to see Senator Owen leave the party because of my nomination. . . . My greatest regret comes from one of the reasons advanced, because it compels me to question his sincerity.

"In 1924, when the National Convention at Madison Square Garden was deadlocked, Senator Owen called to see me at the Manhattan Club and asked me to use my influence to secure for him the support of the Tammany delegation, and stated that with that support he felt he could get considerable delegates from other States for himself as a candidate for the nomination.

"His hostility to Tammany must have grown up in his heart in the last four years. In 1924 he was not only willing to accept its support but anxious to get it."

Senator Owen, after saying that he was going to consult "a friend" before he replied, disclaimed the "accuracy" of the Governor's "memory."

In the East Democratic prospects appear to brighten. William H. Woodin, President of the American Car and Foundry Company, and prominently identified with many other large corporations, has come into the Smith camp. Like Mr. Raskob, Mr. Woodin is a former Republican and a member of the Union League Club. Friends of Governor Smith attach considerable significance to his action. They believe many other Raskobs and Woodins are coming.

Hoover at Home

STUDENTS of Stanford attending the summer term of the University thronged over the lawns and even trampled some of the flowers by the Hoover homestead on the campus. Some of them bore torchlights. Others set off flares. They were greeting Stanford's best-known alumnus.

Hoover climbed up onto a roadster and stood on the rumble seat. "Every man," he told his cheering auditors, "had rather have a greeting like this from his own college men than from any other group in the country." The students gave the skyrocket cheer and called for Mrs. Hoover—another graduate. She responded, greeting especially those who were strangers to her, the "summer schoolers." And she inquired of them, "Are you going to march so we can see you, or are you going to straggle?" They marched.

So the Republican candidate for the Presidency was greeted where he had been a student and where he had made his home. It is here that he has returned from his wanderings whenever he has

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had a chance. Three days later Herbert Hoover was greeted by the city of San Francisco. Here it was the pride of California in the fact that a Californian was a candidate for the Presidency, which found expression in brass bands and speeches—not only a Californian, but this particular Californian. It was in San Francisco that he found a job a generation ago, and it was from San Francisco that he was sent to Europe to interest Europeans in the projected exposition that San Francisco was planning to hold. It was while he was in Europe that the war broke out, and Hoover rose to the emergency of relief for Belgium.

"San Francisco," he told the San Franciscans assembled, "is responsible for my entry into public service." He told them that the outlook of the world today was for the greatest era of commercial expansion in history, and that in this new era of expansion the whole Pacific coast would have a large part to play.

Next day he started on a strenuous trip of five days of camping and fishing.

Artificial Rubber Again

EVERY little while there is a crop of newspaper rumors about artificial rubber. And then nothing more is heard of the subject for another six months. Not long ago a Dr. von Weinberg, of the German dye trust, told a convention of German chemists that synthetic rubber was about to appear on the market, and that it would undersell plantation rubber. Of course nobody knows whether this is at last the true announcement of marketable synthetic rubber or not, but rubber people entertain the usual suspicions.

Synthetic rubber is not new. Chemists have made it for a number of years. The basic substance involved in the process is called isoprene, not itself a natural product, but one which may be derived from a variety of once living carbohydrates: coal, for example; potatoes; or petroleum, which most scientists now concede to be a natural derivative from minute animals such as diatoms, and not of mineral origin, as was once thought. All these materials contain carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen; and so does rubber. With these elements the chemist can put together all sorts of useful things—at a cost. That is the real rub in synthetic rubber; it has always cost too much. Nature supplies rubber via the rubber trees too cheaply to permit successful competition.

And yet, some time, cheap good synthetic rubber may be achieved. We must not blame the rubber dealers' world for its cynicism; but the rest of us can keep an open mind. It is the British and the Dutch who have to bear the brunt of the worrying about synthetic rubber. They grow the world's rubber today. Tomorrow Germany may make it.

North in the Washington Post

The bid for business

Cheap Fuel for Railroads

EUROPE finds coal and oil expensive and is continually on the hunt for prime movers which consume the very least amount of them. As a result of this situation, which is less pressing in America because fuel is less costly here, all manner of experiments are being made in Europe to develop locomotives of unconventional design. In England, and especially in Germany, a most interesting series of engines propelled by steam turbines have recently been turned out; engines which run, by the way, practically without noise because they condense the exhaust steam as silently as a steamship.

Germany possesses immense reserves of lignite—brown coal—having little practical value in its present form. The German General Electric Company has now produced a practical steam locomotive of the conventional type which makes full use of this inexpensive lignite by burning it in finely ground up or powdered form. The pulverized fuel is fed to the fire in a steady trickle by automatic machinery. Smoke is virtually eliminated, and so are sparks. There are other advantages mainly of interest to the technician.

Here in the United States, especially in the Dakotas, we have nearly as much lignite as bituminous coal. Although employed in a small way for various legitimate purposes, its chief use has, however, been as a peg on which stock promoters have hung roseate predictions of future enterprises. The Germans now seem to be pointing out a practical way to exploit these tremendous American cheap fuel reserves.

Enright in the New York World

Ain't it refreshing

A Ban on Song

"MIND your step," "Don't dare to do so-and-so," is what the weapon of legal warfare called an injunction means. Its use is necessary because the common law does not move fast enough in some situations to stop irreparable, permanent damage while a lawsuit drags on.

For pure oddity we admire a writ just made permanent by Judge Langham, of the Indiana County Court, in Pennsylvania. This "hymn singing injunction" restrains union miners from singing near the mines of the Clearfield Bituminous Coal Corporation. The practice, the worried corporation asserted, intimidated its non-union miners.

Just what words were used in these "hymns" we are not told. Probably they were not all words of peace and harmony, nor were they likely to have been precisely the same words sung in unison by the striking miners and State Senators in the local church.

The great soft-coal strike has pretty well collapsed by the weight of its economic unreason. Soon this corporation and its workers may join in singing praise—the first for profits and the others for wages.

John Bull's Women

THE English Home Secretary has been counting heads—particularly bobbed heads—and politicians have been made privy to the fact that the balance of voting power in Great Britain is in woman's hands, if she chooses to use it.

This last affront to the patriarchal figure of John Bull is a consequence of the extension of the franchise to the "flapper," so called. It has given women

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a majority of votes in the majority of constituencies; in some boroughs they outnumber the men two to one.

In Blackpool, as an extreme example, there are 51,000 women and 31,000 men voters. In South Kensington the figures are even more whelming: 47,000 women and only 19,000 males. In Hampstead the women have 39,000 of the 60,000 votes in the borough.

All parties are interested and a few are unduly concerned for the political future of the country. Conservatives, especially, fear that the ladies will be led astray by the better-organized Labor voters. The Socialists are saying that the majority of the women will go with them.

An American politician could tell them that you never can tell what the woman voter will do.

Six Causes of Crime

THEY were enumerated by Silas H. Strawn, President of the American Bar Association, at the annual Convention of that body in Seattle.

1. The increase and development in the means of communication, hard roads and high-powered automobiles, making the "get-away" easy.
2. The vastly increased wealth of our citizens and especially of the criminal classes, enabling them to buy fast motors and expensive guns.
3. Organized crime which enables the underworld to make liberal contributions to political campaigns and to exert a powerful influence in politics.
4. Delay in the apprehension and speedy punishment of criminals due in part to the leniency and paltering of political judges and in part to our too liberal laws. We do not give enough attention to the selection of our judges and prosecuting attorneys.
5. The apathy and indifference of our best citizens toward their duty as citizens. Those best qualified to serve as jurors seek to avoid the service because of its discomforts or because they dislike to leave their business.
6. Unrestricted traffic in firearms.

Senator John Knight, of the Baumes Crime Commission, contributed to the discussion the statement that crimes of importance are for the most part committed by youths under twenty-five. Mr. Strawn summed up with the opinion:

"Speaking generally, the criminal laws, State and National, would be adequate were they promptly and fearlessly enforced. The weakness is not so much in the laws as it is in the procedure. In criminal trials justice too frequently 'travels with leaden feet.' The reduction of crime depends not so much upon prosecuting officials and courts as it does upon the attitude of the people."

Men of No Character

ACROSS the continent, Isidor J. Kresel, another lawyer, summed up his opinion of certain members of the bar. Mr. Kresel is the special prosecutor appointed in New York to investigate ambulance chasing and faked negligence cases.

"The root of the evil," he said, "lies in the fact that some lawyers who are admitted to the bar should never have been admitted to the bar—men who have no background, no character, not sufficient preliminary education, no idea of the ethics of the profession, no distinction in their minds between business and profession; men who consider these cases as business, treat them as business, just as if they were selling shoes or clothes."

Mr. Kresel quickly added that he was referring to comparatively few of the 15,000 attorneys practicing in New York City.

No English Tabloids Yet, But—

ENGLISH critics are prone to sneer at American newspaper sensationalism, but it would be hard to beat the wild scramble among London dailies to get circulation. Insurance for their buyers against death, accident, or illness has been pushed to an extraordinary point. Thus when the recent big railway collision took place on a London-to-Edinburgh train and thirty people were killed, a London staff correspondent of the New York "World" comments, "The 'Daily Mail' was fortunate enough to have four readers killed, and promptly paid out $250,000 to their families." This gruesome remark is explained by the fact that this newspaper insurance business is underwritten by regular companies. The "Daily Mail" sells about 1,930,000 copies a day, and it has paid out (that is, has paid premiums on policies which were paid by the insurance companies) some $5,000,000 to readers who have merely paid the paper's regular price.

But how many of these people who get the "Daily Mail" in order to have an insurance gamble read it? A queer light is thrown on this by a story told in the London "Telegraph"—one of the only three London dailies which are keeping out of this wild scramble. The story was in the form of a letter from a "Telegraph" subscriber, who said that he subscribed to all the insurance papers for the insurance, but permitted his newsdealer to keep and resell these papers, which he did not want to read, on condition that the dealer provided his customer free with a copy of the "Telegraph" to read.

And what dignified repartee is going on between the journals that do and do not sensationalize and circulation-cadge! One example will suffice. The same correspondent (Mr. Balderstone) tells us that the "Mail" attacked the ultra-respectable and true-blue, die-hard Tory "Post," warning advertisers against spending money in an organ of so limited circulation as the "Post." The "Post" responded by asserting that it was read by the "best people" and the "Mail" by no-account people. The "Mail" retorted that, in fact, the "Post" was read by the best people's servants.

A Great Englishman

WHEN Arthur Balfour became eighty years old last month, England honored a man of rare accomplishments, varied activities, and brilliant achievements. At Eton he was called Clara; when he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Irish radicals hooted at him as ladylike, piano-player, dilettante, but a few months later changed the cry to "Bloody Balfour." Early in his carer it became evident that he might be a nonchalant philosopher, but that he was also a person of persistence and virility. He was an aristocrat by lineage and in manner, but he played the game of politics harder than ever he played golf and tennis (and he still plays lively tennis), and he was no weakling in those sports.

It is good news that the Earl of Balfour is writing his memoirs. If he will use his ironic touch in the writing and will tell of state affairs as only such a statesman can, that will indeed be a work to entertain as well as to instruct.

It seems hard to believe that Balfour was at the Congress of Berlin in 1878—not as a member, to be sure, but as secretary to his uncle, Lord Salisbury. What has he not seen and taken part in since then? In 1902 he was Prime Minister; in the Boer War he urged that Roberts and Kitchener be given a free hand; in the Great War he held the Conservatives in line in the coalition; in 1922 he led the British Commission to the Washington Armament Conference, and the next year he was made Earl of Balfour. One observer at Washington said, in theatrical parlance, that "Balfour began at the bottom of the bill and ended up as the star turn."

If any one still thinks that Balfour

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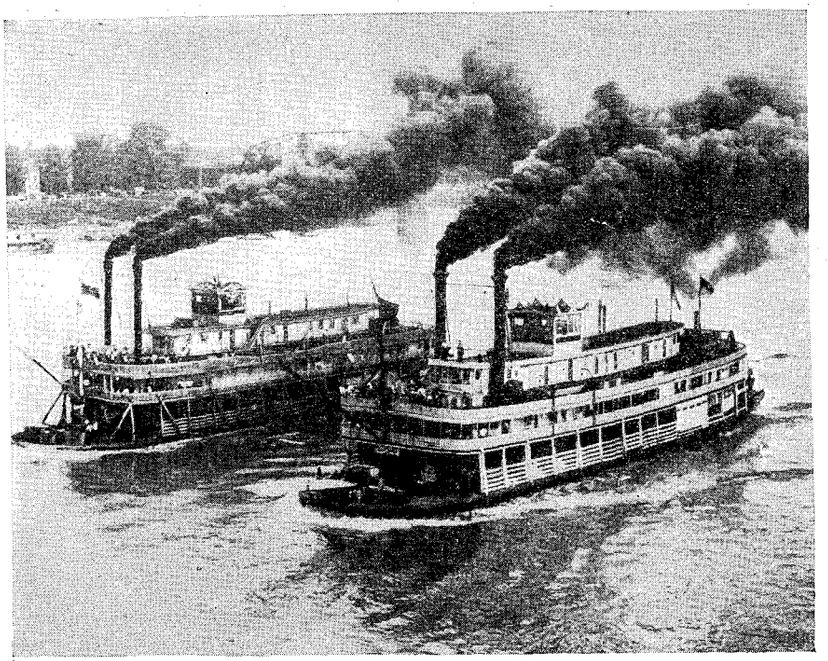

Acme

THE PAST REVIVED

Memories of old-time steam-packet races on the Ohio were awakened when a Cincinnati boat raced a Pittsburgh boat for supremacy in speed and finallly won by just two lengths. Thousands of people looked on with interest at this revival of the good old days

has been a ladylike debater, we may recall the fact that this young Tory encountered Gladstone the Great on the Irish question and calmly told Gladstone to his face that he was "formerly as ready to blacken the Irish members' characters as he is now ready to blacken their boots," and when enraged Liberals yelled at him "silk-skinned sybarite," and the like, he replied with one word, "Microbes!"

Food of the Future

THE chemist is impatient—Professor H. E. Barnard's word for it—when the Malthusian doctrine is discussed in terms of what acreage, sugars, and fats. When crops fail, when the land is exhausted, the chemist will prepare our dinners in his laboratory.

"When the need comes," Professor Barnard told an audience of chemists at Northwestern University, "the chemist will convert the light of the sun and nitrogen into food for the human family. Thirty men working in a factory the size of a city block can produce in the form of yeast as much food as 10,000 men tilling 57,000 acres under ordinary agricultural conditions. By what right do we assume that millions of years from now man will be the same kind of organism he is today? He may live differently, he certainly will eat differently. The taste of good bread and meat may have been forgotten for ages, but his metabolic processes will go on just as satisfactorily as today."

Mediums and Fortune-Tellers

WHAT at first seemed to be a quite ordinary London police case in which a woman was charged with telling fortunes for pay turned out to be a test affecting the future of spiritual mediums and psychical research. So, at least, thought Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge, who were witnesses. Both disapproved of fortune-telling, but did not see how to stop a medium under trance if she dropped into the future, so to speak. Sir Arthur thought that it would "strike at the very root of psychical research" to make the London Spiritual Alliance or the Society of Psychical Research criminally liable for aiding and abetting if a medium paid by either should pretend to foretell the future. He said that the central core of religion is that man carries on after death and that spiritualists try to refute the idea that death ends all. But he admitted that professional, paid mediums, under trance, were hard to handle.

The magistrate dismissed the summons against the woman medium and against a woman secretary of the Spiritualist Alliance, charged with aiding and abetting, and made the profound remark that there were "many things in this world of which one could not be certain," but, while he was willing to think that this medium honestly believed that she was under the control of a black dog and a rabbit, he was obliged to caution her, if she wanted to play safe, to get rid of any disembodied spirit who wants to know the time for lunch and tea. That would be fortune-telling for money. So he got his laugh, as London police magistrates are fond of doing.

Catholic Gains

IN ten years, so the census compilers of the Department of Commerce announce, the Roman Catholic population of the United States has increased nearly three million. In 1926 there were 18,604,850 baptized persons on the Church rolls.

Figures for other denominations previously made public are:

Congregational, 901,846; Protestant Episcopal, 1,858,966; Disciples of Christ, 1,377,595; Northern Baptist Convention, 1,290,438; Presbyterian, 1,894,030; Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 2,487,694; Methodist Episcopal Church, 4,080,777; and Jewish congregations, 4,087,357.

The urban Catholic population in 1926 was 14,809,142; rural, 3,795,708. The first State in point of Catholic population was New York, with 3,115,424 communicants. Pennsylvania, with 2,124,229 was next. Massachusetts was third, with 1,629,424. These figures also represent Roman Catholic gains.

Another Disease on the Defensive

INFANTILE paralysis does not now stir the same fear that once swept any neighborhood in which a case or two appeared. Since 1916, when an epidemic of this contagious disease took a toll of twenty thousand victims in New York State alone, medical science has made real advance in knowledge of it. Then medical men did not know how it was communicated from person to person. Some surmised, for example, that it was carried by dust through the air. Now it is known that, like certain other diseases, it is communicated through the mouth and nose. There is no longer occasion for the vague terror that was caused by the mystery which not long ago made it seem like a furtive enemy. Knowing how it spreads, we can take measures against it. As a statement of the Associated Press approved by the Rockefeller Institute says, "Thus the only known preventives are cleanliness and avoidance of contacts such as kissing children, the chief victims of the disease."

More than that, medical science has developed a serum for treatment to nullify the virus of infantile paralysis. This is a convalescent serum taken from the

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blood of recovered patients. Funds have been provided in San Francisco, Boston, and New York to defray the expense of collecting and distributing the serum through committees of physicians with special knowledge of the disease. Early diagnosis is important, for the serum should be used in the early stages of the disease.

The Associated Press quotes a medical authority as saying: "Symptoms of the disease are not readily apparent to the layman. The children run a fever, become nauseated perhaps, and complain of a headache. These are also symptoms of many other diseases. In a little while the neck may stiffen or an arm or leg become flaccid. If only the child can be placed in the hands of a competent physician before this occurs the results would be beneficial. These facts are not stated for the purpose of alarming the general public, but merely to point out the necessity for great care."

The Man Who Killed the Duel

THERE has just died in Knoxville, Tennessee, the man who was credited with having given the final quietus to the code duello in the South. He was Captain William Rule, eighty-nine years old, mountain born, a Union soldier, and for almost sixty years editor of the Knoxville "Journal." He began his journalistic career seventy-three years ago on William G. Brownlow's Knoxville "Whig." When he himself became a newspaper owner, Adolph S. Ochs, now owner of the New York "Times" and the Chattanooga "Times," was his office boy. The fact that Mr. Ochs recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ownership of the Chattanooga "Times" furnishes a sort of measuring-stick for the span of Captain Rule's service as a publisher and editor. Captain Rule's action with regard to dueling came about 1870. Challenged because of something he had printed in his editorial columns, he sat in his office on the designated day and printed an open letter to his challenger. "I do not propose," he said, "to pander to the barbarous prejudices of depraved minds by setting myself up as a target to give you the opportunity of a so-called vindication. Words cannot express my contempt for such folly. While I do not recognize the so-called code of honor, I wish you distinctly to understand that I recognize the right of self-defense. I shall not hesitate to defend myself as promptly and efficiently as necessity may seem to require."

From all sections of the country Captain Rule received and printed letters of commendation. It is said that these removed from the popular mind of the South the last vestige of respect for the code. Until within a few days of his death Captain Rule was writing vigorously in support of Herbert Hoover's candidacy for President.

Blackballed

Two United States courts in Texas, one sitting in Houston and the other in San Antonio, have decided that Democratic executive committees are within their rights in barring Negroes from participation in Democratic primaries. In the Houston case Judge Hutcheson held that political parties, like other voluntary associations, have complete *delectus personarum* and may select or reject as members whom they will. The right to vote in a primary, he held, is purely a political and in no sense a civil right. For this reason he doubted, though he did not find it necessary to pass upon the point, whether equity could grant relief even if it were held that Negroes have the right to vote in Democratic primaries. One or the other or both of the cases will go doubtless to the United States Supreme Court. As to campaign expenditures in primaries and the like, there are decisions of the Supreme Court which appear to support Judge Hutcheson's ruling. None the less, the political question involved is one of doubt and of importance. The practical question involved is one of certainty and of no importance. Political parties in the South, as elsewhere, will find means of controlling participation in their primaries. And few Negroes care to participate in Democratic primaries in Texas. In States other than Texas this case may have an indirect effect on the November election. If so, it will consist in the bringing out to vote for Hoover of certain Negro voters who ordinarily stay at home.

Sanity Tests in Criminal Trials

ONE of the acknowledged evils in criminal trials has been attacked by a subcommission of the New York State Crime Commission. It is so great as to amount from time to time, in the opinion of the sub-commission, to a "great scandal." This is the practice of leaving to the jury the question of the sanity of the accused, together with the practice of hiring experts on each side to give their testimony. This is the way the sub-commission describes this pulling and hauling of one set of experts against another:

"The bidding in the open market for expert testimony, and the seemingly inexhaustible supply of ready-at-hand expert opinion to meet the exigencies of either side, the debonair evolution of newly invented and fine-spun theories of mental processes and the desired deductions therefrom, have resulted in a situation which amounts to a play of wits, a contest of expertness as in a game, and in many cases a burlesque of nonsensical syllogism, which has made the courtroom a place somewhat less dignified than a comedy theatre."

To remedy this wrong, the sub-commission made several suggestions. Of these but one is basic. It is that when the question of the sanity of the accused arises each side shall select one or two recognized psychiatrists, and these shall nominate five others, from whom the court shall choose one. Psychiatrists thus selected shall constitute a commission to examine the defendant and report to the court. A unanimous report is to be regarded as conclusive evidence; a majority report is to be regarded as *prima facie* evidence.

The other suggestions have to do with limitations on the testimony of psychiatrists called as witnesses in case the report of the commission is not conclusive. It is to be regarded as subornation of perjury to pay, except for per diem compensation as a witness while waiting to be sworn, any fee or sum to one psychiatrist as commissioner or witness more than that paid to another.

Although these suggestions do not propose to take the decision of sanity or insanity wholly out of the hands of the jury, as the suggestions of the National Crime Commission propose, they are in the direction of intrusting such a decision to science.

An Unprecedented Resignation

FOR the first time, we believe, in its history of over thirteen hundred years, the office of Archbishop of Canterbury has been voluntarily relinquished. The Most Rev. Randall Thomas Davidson, at eighty years of age, has held this highest priestly office in the Church of England for twenty-five years, and has been influential in the Church for a much longer period. Almost at the beginning of his career he became secretary of Archbishop Tait of Canterbury, and married his daughter. On November 12 next, the date of his Golden Wedding, his resignation from the Archbishopric, having already been received by the King and accepted by a commission of bishops, becomes effective.

Dr. Davidson has been a mediator and

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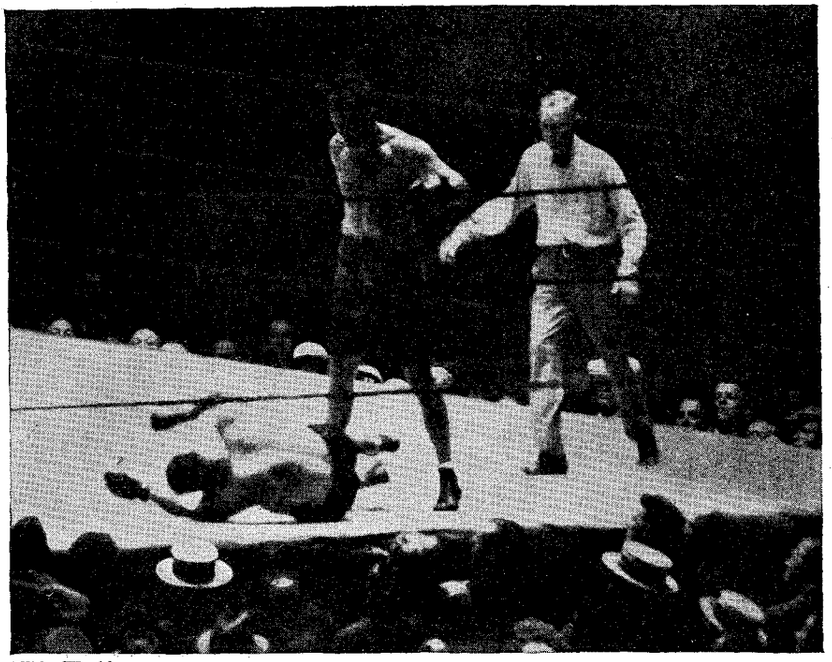

Wide World

THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR HEENEY

in the tenth round of the fight for the championship when he was floored by Gene Tunney

reconciler. He has not created enmities even in the midst of hostilities. He had hoped to crown his life with the securing of the adoption of a revision of the English Prayer-Book which would be acceptable to both the Catholic and the Protestant element in the Church. He did, in fact, see the adoption of this revision by the purely ecclesiastical authorities; but he saw also its rejection by Parliament. His retirement had been forecast even before this disappointment fell upon him, and it was expected by others besides himself to mark an achievement for the peace and safety of the Church he had served. It was not so to be. Nevertheless Archbishop Davidson's influence has been to smooth the asperities of the theological and political controversy that has threatened the establishment of the Church.

Bitter in some respects as the controversy over the Prayer-Book has been, it marks the advance which has been made through the centuries in the spirit of religion. In the old part of Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, there is a prison. In its stone walls can still be seen the iron rings to which the authorities of the Church once chained heretics. Today theological controversy in England brings martyrdom only in the form of disappointment to the gentle prelate who is now retiring.

One of Dr. Davidson's hobbies has been the collection of Americana.

In the English Church there are, it is well known, two Archbishops. One, the Archbishop of York, is the Primate of England. The other, the Archbishop of Canterbury, is the Primate of All England. These two titles are characteristic of what the logically minded regard as English inconsistency, of what, in fact, is the English spirit of compromise. Archbishop Davidson's successor is expected to be the present Archbishop of York, the Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang.

Speeding Up Evolution

Sometimes scientists appear to be doing queer things, and it is sometimes the case that they actually do queer things. But most of the queer experiments only seem queer because their significance is not well explained either by the scientist himself or by the newspaper reporter who transmits them to a puzzled public.

Drs. Goodspeed and Olson are botanists at the University of California, and they have been exposing tobacco plants to light rays of all kinds. When the scientist speaks of light, he means not merely that little octave of vibrations the human eye happens to perceive, but an immense gamut of waves which differ only in length, and make themselves evident to us as heat rays, ultra-violet rays, X-rays, gamma rays, and others.

The California professors find that some of these rays have much the same effect on plants that Dr. Muller, of Texas, found last year they had on animals; they affect the hereditary cells, producing wide "variations." Heretofore these cells have been as securely walled off from outside interference as a coin at the bottom of the Pacific. Under the rays, evolution was immensely speeded up. Here, then, is a rather simple experiment which has not attracted much attention, yet which may teach us the most essential practical thing we have yet to learn—how to control the food supply by controlling plants, its primary source.

A Pipe Dream Coming True

Dr. George Claude is one Frenchman who cannot be discouraged. He invented one form of the neon lamp, now familiar to all who have seen an advertising sign; he discovered an immensely valuable synthetic ammonia process; and more recently he has been planning to obtain power in immense amounts direct from the sea simply by evaporating warm surface water in a vacuum and maintaining the vacuum by icy bottom water brought up in a vertical pipe.

A couple of years ago Dr. Claude proposed the plan before the French Academy of Sciences. The world did not receive it very enthusiastically. Engineers conceded the principle but discounted the practice. Laymen inclined to regard the whole thing as visionary, a sort of Jules Verne concept.

The inventor has now retorted with deeds, not words. On the Meuse in Belgium he has set up an experimental plant and obtained about sixty horse-power simply by using two local supplies of water only 38 degrees different in temperature. Dr. Claude's ultimate plan was to use the warm surface water of the Cuban shore at a point where it is easily possible to raise to the surface immense volumes of water at 41 degrees from the bottom. It is this difference in temperature which permits the trick to be turned and the available energy is beyond conception. In a vacuum the surface water, at about 80 degrees, will boil without further application of heat. The function of the cold water is simply to maintain the vacuum continuously by chilling and condensing the steam after it has delivered up its power to a steam turbine.

No intelligent scientist or engineer denies that the energy is there where the potent sun puts it; what they question is whether the plant required to capture it will not involve too large an investment to make it pay. In the face of mild disapproval Dr. Claude seems to be getting on.

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Windows on the World

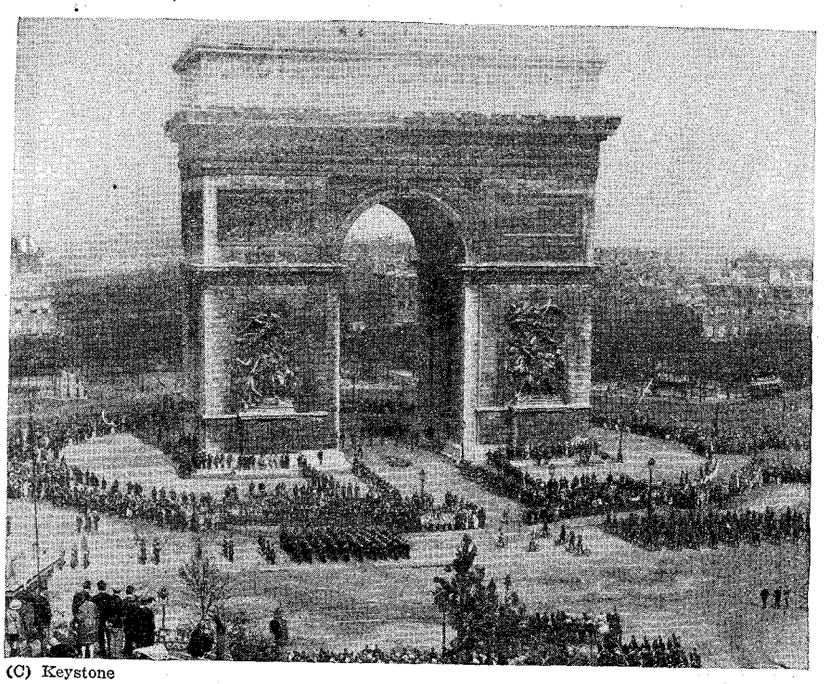
By Malcolm W. Davis

SOMEBODY once remarked that a composite picture of the human race would show a man carrying an ax to a grindstone. Evidently, axes to grind are going to be numerous at the conference for signature of Secretary Kellogg's joint treaty renouncing war, now scheduled to take place in Paris. With acceptances in hand from all the Powers and the smaller nations invited to adhere—a total of fifteen, and with the possibility that Spain may make a sixteenth—the gathering is to be one of the most ceremonial and impressive since the signing of the Peace Treaty of Versailles.

Gustav Stresemann, Foreign Minister of Germany, would like to take advantage of this reassuring occasion, it is reported, to secure the assent of France to evacuation of another section of the Rhineland area now held by the armies of occupation as a guaranty fulfillment of the Versailles Treaty. There seems to be a fair prospect that the French Government will be ready for the step, which would be in line with the present policy of Franco-German conciliation and commercial co-operation.

Premier Poincaré, of France, would like at the same time to obtain an agreement from the United States for reconsideration of the question of war debts. That is a step which would certainly have the sympathy of all the European nations who desire a revision of the present plan for dealing with both debts and reparations. S. Parker Gilbert, the American Agent-General for Reparation Payments, has himself indicated in his latest reports his opinion that some such readjustment will be necessary. But Secretary Mellon, of the Treasury Department, whom M. Poincaré approached in Paris, gave the French statesman no encouragement. Both he and Mr. Kellogg would naturally have it in mind that the consent of the Senate may be difficult enough to secure for the treaty against war alone—which many insurgent Senators regard as a scheme to involve the United States in the affairs of Europe—without tying to it the political dynamite of the war debts controversy.

Undoubtedly, it would have been more exact if the prophet had foretold that the nations should beat their swords into axes.



(C) Keystone

THE PARISIAN INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION

President Doumergue reviews the French troops at the Arc de Triomphe on Bastile Day, July 14, the anniversary of the French Revolution

EAMONN DE VALERA has proved himself the Jack-in-the-box of the Irish Free State Parliament. Incorrigible and irrepressible, the unreconciled republican leader has made his acceptance of a seat in the Dail Eireann the basis for unremitting attack on the Government of President Cosgrave. He has attempted to get the requirement for the oath of allegiance to the King abolished, tried to insist that debate should be in Gaelic, and generally opposed the administrative arrangements set up by the peace treaty with England. Most recently he has sought a national referendum on the principles involved in his contest with the majority party.

Cosgrave, having consistently beaten De Valera in Parliament, took up the last challenge by moving to have the initiative and referendum clauses in the Free State Constitution repealed. De Valera adroitly demanded a referendum on the question of their repeal. Cosgrave then declared the motion a matter of public safety and not subject to referendum. The Government's motion was passed. Checkmated, De Valera had to subside temporarily.

It might be argued that refusal to submit the issue to the voters showed lack of confidence on the part of the Government in the public support it could command. But the Irish people have given no sign of dissatisfaction with the steps that the President has taken. Indeed, as Irishmen they probably relished the spectacle of skillful play in politics, and saw the advantages of a program which safeguards the country from the uncertainties of a disturbing campaign. Cosgrave is proceeding to strengthen his Government by taking away from the Senate the right to control by referendum the actions of the lower chamber and by changing it from an elective body to one chosen by joint parliamentary action to represent commerce, industry, and the professions—somewhat after the style of the Italian Senate.

SANDINO, the Nicaraguan rebel chief, hard pressed by the United States marines, has taken refuge in Honduras—so Secretary Wilbur, of the Navy Department, has informed President Coolidge—and armed resistance is over and the prospect for a quiet election of a new President, under marine supervision, is excellent. The question now is whether the Nicaraguan Conservatives can agree on a candidate; so far they have been unable to unite behind any one to oppose the Liberal leader, General Moncada. But the confidence of foreign interests in a comparatively untroubled future, in any event, is reflected in the purchase by the Foshay Company of New York of the electric, ice, and water services of the capital city of Managua.

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Out of Sight, Out of Mind

JOHN DOE breaks a law. What do we do with him? Very likely nothing. We are notoriously indifferent to lawbreaking and the lawbreaker. But if we catch him at his lawbreaking and decide to do something, we accuse him; and then we wait for the cumbersome machinery of the law to act. If we convict him, we bundle him off to prison and forget him.

We put him where we do not see him because we do not like to think of him. We leave him under the arbitrary authority of wardens and guards. We do not know what those who have him in their power are doing to him. Perhaps they are doing nothing except keeping him under lock and key and letting him brood. Perhaps they are putting him to some kind of work. We do not know, and most of us do not care.

There are a hundred thousand of such John, or Jane, Does in prison in this country. Many of them (nearly half of all those in New York State Prison at Sing Sing, for example) are under twenty-five years of age. Like people outside of prison, they differ among themselves. Some of them, in mind if not in age, are still mere children. Some of them are physically or mentally sick. Some of them have been twisted and made crooked by conditions under which they have grown up. Some of them are ignorant—ignorant of the law, of the difference between the attitude of the lawless and the law-abiding. Some of them have been caught by the trap of bad laws. Some of them are deliberate and ingenious enemies of society. We do make some distinctions. We take into consideration the fact that an offense is the offender's first. We put some offenders in reformatories rather than in prisons. We hold out to some the hope of release on probation. But on the whole we treat them all as if they belonged to a class apart. We herd them together out of sight, and try to keep them out of mind.

Could we do anything more certain to create enemies of society?

Presumably, those who are thus herded together are at labor. Labor for what? To what end? Partly to make it easier for those in charge of them to control them. Men occupied are more easily managed than men idle. One way of putting them to work is to lease their labor as one would lease the labor of horses or of slaves. This leasing system has been discredited and almost wholly abandoned. In his articles in The Outlook for last week and the week before Nels Anderson has described two other systems—the contract system and the State-use system. In all these systems the benefit of the labor of the prisoners has gone to the lessee or the contractor or the State—seldom to the prisoners. During the past generation a good deal has been done to make prison labor more humane, but very little to make it of benefit to those who labor. What we are manufacturing in our prisons is chiefly enmity to society, and we shall continue to manufacture that until we change our stupid system of making prisons places for the punishment of consequences and for oblivion.

For our own safety, if not for the sake of the men and women in prison, it would be well for us to get over our distaste for thinking about prison problems. The hundred thousand who are now in prison—mostly men, and largely young men—are, with few exceptions, going to be released and join society again. Whether they come out better or worse depends upon what we permit to be done to them while they are there. And what we do now will determine what will happen to those children from six to fifteen years of age who, in another decade, are going to take their places behind the bars.

Preacher Politicians

THEIR names have become almost as well known as Hoover and Smith. They have had much more to say. They are Bishops Cannon, Du Bose, Mouzon, and Moore, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. History may hear of them. They have notified their senior, Bishop Warren A. Candler, that they will not be silenced by the cry that they are "bringing the Church into politics." If this country is to see a clerical party, these men seem to be ready for leadership.

Bishop Candler's advice to the cloth was, in effect: "Preach Christ and him crucified. Do not preach politics. You have no commission to preach politics. The divinity of the Church is never more strikingly displayed than when it holds on its ever straightforward way in the midst of worldly commotions."

Bishop Candler looked for precedents and found them in the years 1865 to 1894. The defiant bishops refer pointedly to those dates. They imply that their senior speaks for another day and another Church. They find their precedents in the history of the Church between 1910 and 1926. They cite General Conference resolutions demanding prohibition by Constitutional amendment, rejoicing at its enactment, calling for the branding of all violators as criminals, urging the election of officials, from revenue agent to President, "who believe in enforcement, not only because prohibition is the law, but because it ought to be the law."

So, say these four, "we notify the defenders and advocates of the liquor traffic that the moral forces of this country will not be driven from the field by the cry that they are 'bringing the Church into politics,' because they are opposing the election to the Presidency of a man whose personal and official record brand him as the outstanding enemy of National prohibition, for which great reform we have ourselves, not only as citizens but as Christian ministers, been working for years."

Disregarding for the moment the questionable definition of liquor regulation as a purely moral issue, this is a declaration of immense significance. A battle has been joined which even now is involving other denominations. These four churchmen have broken with a tradition of their faith and with an American tradition. They are perfectly willing to put the Church into politics. It is there already, so far as they are concerned.

This being so, certain other honest attitudes may be expected of them, and of their like-minded confrères. They will no longer raise the cry of "Church and State" against other sects. They will scrupulously tell their flocks when their sermons are inspired by the Holy Bible and when by the latest campaign development. And they will ask to be known, not as men of God, but as preacher politicians.

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Public Utilities and the Political Campaign

By SILAS BENT

The voter is more than likely to hear about public utilities during the coming campaign. It is an issue that can be dealt with, as Mr. Bent points out, without religious or racial prejudice; and, even more fortunately for honest discussion, the two major candidates are unusually well informed and able to express positive and divergent opinions about it.

AN outstanding issue in this Presidential campaign will be the control and ownership of public utilities, particularly of water power. Like prohibition, the issue is clear-cut, not in the party platforms, but in the party leadership. Herbert Hoover is on record for the private development of public resources and public service. Alfred E. Smith stands for State ownership with private distribution. It seems certain that the Governor will deal with the subject in his notification speech, and that he will devote to it one or more of his main campaign addresses. It is likely that Mr. Hoover will do the same.

The Federal Trade Commission, before it adjourned until September, illuminated the importance of public utilities, which touch nearly every home, and the methods of the power lobby. Its inquiries have already revealed that, as one of the propagandists observed, the utilities have used every avenue to public opinion save sky-writing. In the employment of two former United States Senators, two former Governors, high party officials, and minor functionaries; in the defeat of State legislation and the steering of legislation at Washington, it has manifested its political influence. By means of the radio, the press, and the public platform it has reached millions of Americans. More, it has undertaken to eliminate "bad" text-books from the public schools, and to substitute books favorable to its cause. It has flooded high schools with bulletins and pamphlets. It has paid generous fees to free-lance writers and college professors. It has financed "research" work. Without question its campaign has been the costliest and most extensive ever known in this country.

Let us agree at the outset that the "power trust," so called, is entitled to put its case before the public as persuasively as it can, within legitimate bounds. The economic conclusions which it advances are held by many able and honest men. Its securities are widely held. Insurance companies and banks have invested about two billion dollars in them, and five million individuals, it is estimated, hold its stocks and bonds. More than one-eighth of our National wealth takes this form, and no one will dispute the right of so large an enterprise to put its views before Congress and the electorate. The term "power trust" is a misnomer, due to the fact that attention has been focused on the hydroelectric possibilities of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam. The "trust" includes water-works and gas companies, as well as electrical concerns.

WHAT has shocked the public conscience in the revelations concerning the "trust" are the methods it has adopted. It has undertaken to pollute the sources of education, with the frank avowal that students in schools and colleges influence their parents and are the voters of the future. Let me summarize, then, what has been done in this direction.

In establishing contacts with public schools and colleges three organizations have taken the lead: the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, and the American Electric Railway Association. Last year these three formed a publicity bureau, headed by George B. Cortelyou, former Chairman of the Republican National Committee and former Republican Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Cortelyou says this committee represents corporations with invested capital of more than seventeen billions. It co-operates with twenty-eight special propaganda bureaus, covering the whole United States, and with other committees of State and regional utility associations.

Back in 1922 the Illinois Bureau on "public utility information" began tampering with text-books. This organization had been founded three years earlier by Samuel Insull, whose contribution to Republican campaign funds in Illinois caused a National scandal. Bernard Mullaney, the director of the Illinois Bureau, testified that 105 text-books were inspected, and listed as "good," "fair," "unfair," and "bad." Mullaney said some of them were "no less than poisonous." For example, "American Citizenship," by Charles A. Beard, who collaborated with Mrs. Beard in writing "The Rise of American Civilization," and who is one of this country's most distinguished political scientists, aroused the wrath of Messrs. Insull and Mullaney. Specific objection was made to three passages. One was to the effect that sentiment was growing in favor of municipal ownership because of the political activities of the utilities, and because of the large profits in monopolistic franchises. Another passage suggested that in the future refrigeration would be regarded as a public problem, and asserted that some cities have established their own ice plants, to protect the health of children. The third passage read:

> Like all other institutions, they [civic institutions] may be used against public welfare, as well as for it. An instance of the way in which public opinion may be "manufactured" for private purposes was afforded not long ago in a great city where the extension of street car lines was under discussion. A street car company which was interested in gaining a certain franchise selected a prominent politician and gave him about a quarter of a million dollars to "accelerate public sentiment." He organized a Citizens' Association in the part of the city involved in the affair, and got up public meetings in favor of the company's demands, incidentally disbursing a large sum of money among influential persons. In the midst of so much clamor for his attention, it is not surprising that the citizen is sometimes bewildered and unable to form sound judgments.

THE Illinois Bureau distributed its memorandum to power executives in all parts of the United States, and late in 1924 the National Electric Lighting Association took up the matter in a serious way. Surveys were made in New York, Pennsylvania, the Carolinas, Ohio, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Colorado. Chairman Hanlon, of the Iowa Committee, wrote: "We took up with each manager the question of getting the

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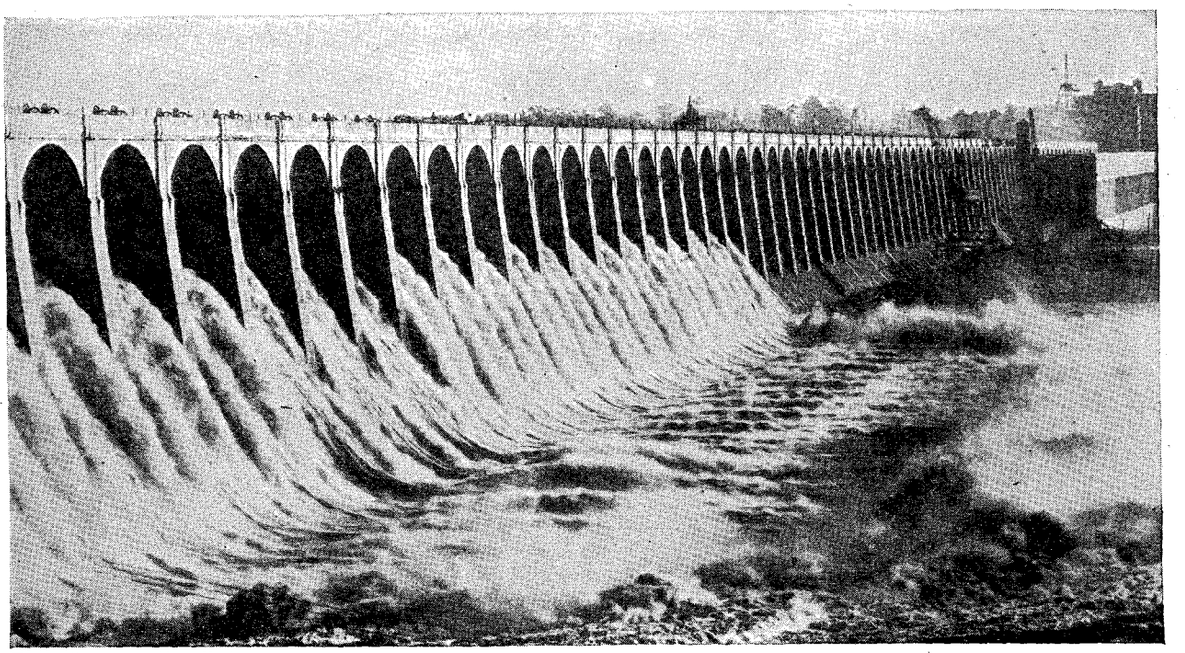

Ewing Galloway, New York

THE WILSON DAM AT MUSCLE SHOALS

Shall the Government lease or operate it?

information to the proper parties in order that the text-books which gave the matter correctly might be adopted in place of the Socialistic ones. We have had a great deal of success in getting this matter corrected." The directors in the Carolinas and in Missouri urged that these activities be kept "confidential," as "it would be most unwise to give this work any publicity." Scores of such letters are on file with the Commission.

Howard C. Hill, author of "Community Life and Civic Problems," was induced to remove from that text-book a reference to Samuel Insull's 1926 campaign contributions. He refused to make other suggested changes. In Rochester, New York, Edward Hungerford's "The Story of the Public Utilities" was published co-operatively by the Board of Education and the public utilities. In at least two instances arrangements were made with the publishers of text-books. A Pennsylvania official wrote that J. B. Winston & Co., of Philadelphia, had "agreed to avoid pitfalls in the future;" and representatives of Ginn & Co. agreed to submit its text-books for a visa.

A letter written in regard to this by a minor official to M. L. Aylesworth, then managing director of the National Electric Lighting Association, but now President of the National Broadcasting Company, said: "I feel that we have made a good start in getting the largest book publishing house [Ginn & Co.], which printed twelve million books last year, with us, which will be a tremendous leverage on any other house should opposition occur, which I doubt."

TONS of pamphlets have been distributed to high school and eighth-grade students; among others, to 636 Illinois high schools, 289 in New England, 350 in Texas, 690 in Missouri. Ohio schools used 200,000 copies of one pamphlet. This material praised public utilities and denounced Government ownership or control. At one stage of the Commission's inquiry denial was made that the pamphlets and bulletins were one-sided. Let me quote, by way of answer, from the "Public Utilities Catechism," ten thousand copies of which were planted in the Connecticut high schools alone. Question 21 asks whether communities ever "furnish public service themselves, instead of permitting private companies to do it." The answer, after conceding the facts about postal service, ash and garbage collection, and street cleaning, continues:

> Municipalities, however, seldom attempt the operation of the more progressive public services, such as the furnishing of light, power, gas, water, communications and transportation, unless the community is too small for a private company to operate at a profit. . . . Statistics have proven that the cost of living in cities which operate their own utilities is much higher than in cities where public service is entrusted to private enterprise regulated by the public's servants on the Commission.

Any competent economist can shoot generalizations such as these full of holes. They are fed to American school-children as gospel. We shall see presently that public utilities in Ontario, under Government ownership, supply electric light for domestic use at about five cents per kilowatt-hour less than it costs, under private ownership, across the border in New York State. Yet the circulars issued by State propagandists with utility pamphlets asserted that they were merely informative. "No advertising," said the Nebraska circular, "no propaganda."

Local utility officials used their influence with school board members and school principals to have "bad" books thrown out and "good" books substituted in the public schools. The avowed purpose was to present to children the utility view and none other. In West Virginia, Missouri, and Kansas such booklets were actually recommended by State educational officials. In Colorado special material was supplied for a debate on Boulder Dam, and the N. E. L. A. issued for general distribution a pamphlet on that subject. Books were supplied to school libraries. Speakers voicing the "trust's" view-point addressed thousands of high school assemblies. The director of the Rocky Mountain propaganda bureau reported that "hardly any limitation is placed upon our talks."

SIMULTANEOUSLY the lobbies approached the colleges and universities. To the Harvard Graduate School

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$62,000 was paid in three years for research under approved professors, and to Harvard University $33,000. In the circumstances it was a little disconcerting to have Professor William Z. Ripley, of Harvard, denouncing holding companies and exposing the methods by which stockholders of utilities were deprived of control. But, wrote the chairman of the Public Relations Section: "If occasionally a professor breaks loose on stuff that does not please us, let us bear in mind always that he may not be expressing the consensus of opinion of his colleagues. The one suggestion I would offer is that the professor is most amenable to inspiration. If we can be sure that we have got hold, with reference to our industry, of the will of Jehovah, perhaps we may also play the part of Jehovah in putting into the mouth of the particular Balaam, whom we are asking to go forth, something of the truth which we would like, which we have a right to expect to have, prophesied."

To Northwestern University the utilities gave $62,500, to the University of Michigan more than $12,000, to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology $3,000, to Johns Hopkins $5,000. How much was paid to the University of Colorado has not appeared; but on March 28, 1928, after the investigation began, one of the propagandists wrote to F. R. B. Hellems, Acting President of the institution:

"It is unfortunate that the newspaper headlines tended to impugn the good name of the University. . . . It is regretted that the effort of your school to prepare students for public utility work should be branded as pernicious propaganda."

At least one of the agents of private ownership paid attention also to schools of journalism. Embryo editors were well worth "educating"—that being a favorite word with the lobby. Samuel E. Boney, formerly city editor of Cyrus H. K. Curtis's Philadelphia "Ledger," lectured to students in journalism about (of all subjects!) newspaper ethics. Judge Robert Emmett Healy, questioning him for the Commission, asked:

"Do you claim to know something about newspaper ethics?"

"I do."

"Do you think it is ethical for a newspaper to produce in its editorial columns an editorial prepared by a director of a power company bureau such as yours?"

"I would hesitate to say what would be ethical in the matter. I think a matter of that kind is entirely for the disposition of the editor involved."

"Is it ethical for a newspaper to print . . . as news matter . . . material furnished by your Bureau without disclosing that it comes from an interested source?"

"I should say that is entirely at the disposition of the newspaper itself."

Schools of journalism were targets along with other colleges. Various methods were adopted to win their favor. Summer employment was provided for instructors and students interested in utility problems. Tours of inspection were arranged through plants. Social gatherings were held. At the University of Illinois special scholarships were provided. A teacher at the University of Georgia was sent to Harvard to take post-graduate work, in order that he might set up a course in public utilities at Georgia. Efforts were made to inaugurate similar courses elsewhere. Speakers made hundreds of addresses to college audiences. Mr. Aylesworth proposed that small retainers be paid to professors to enlist their sympathetic interest. And A. W. Robertson, a Pittsburgh utility executive, said:

"The thought occurs to me that the reason why so many educators are more or less hostile to big business is in many cases due to the fact that they themselves are not successful in a business way. There ought to be some way in which educators could be better paid. It would certainly help to cure at least some of their mental bias."

To more than a dozen professors the retainers took the form of fees for lectures, presenting the "trust's" view-point. Others were paid to take up research work, among them Professor E. A. Stewart, of the University of Minnesota Agricultural College; Professor A. H. Ford, of the University of Iowa; Professor W. C. Duvall, of the University of Colorado; and Professor John E. Waggoner, of Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. A Boulder Dam "fact-finding" committee was promoted by the propagandists, and included university men, some of them from Colorado.

At a meeting of the American Federation of Teachers in Chicago Dr. John A. Lapp, head of the Department of Social Sciences at Marquette University, Milwaukee, denounced the work of the power lobby in advocating private ownership in the schools and colleges, while pretending to be impartial; and the National Educational Association has adopted resolutions of the same tenor. Said J. W. Crabtree, secretary: "This attempt to bring into the schools semi-political matter has stirred the Nation to an appreciation of the importance of maintaining the integrity of our educational institutions, which exist to serve all the people regardless of party, creed, or economic status. Nothing else arouses the indignation of all the people so much as an attempt to use the schools for commercial and political purposes."

When, through the machinations of the efficient central power lobby in Washington, the inquiry demanded by Senator Thomas J. Walsh was shifted from the Senate itself to the Federal Trade Commission, there was a general notion that nothing would come of it.

The Federal Trade Commission had been made over by Mr. Coolidge from a somewhat rambunctious body into a mild-mannered agency of sweetness and light. This may account (although it is a poor excuse) for the failure of the press during the earlier sessions to report what was being done. Two years earlier the Hearst papers had printed a series of stories exposing the "power trust," and they gave an adequate coverage from the first of the hearings. A handful of courageous dailies followed suit presently, and by their example forced reluctant competitors into line. Even so, only a fraction of what has been uncovered has been divulged to the general public.

Two former Senators, who have the courtesy of the Senate floor (I have seen one of them buttonhole a former colleague and lead him away to a cloakroom), were in the employ of the Washington power lobby. Irvine L. Lenroot, who has received at least two fees of $10,000 each from the "trust," appeared as chief counsel for it. He was chief counsel for Mr. Hoover in the contests over delegates to the Republican National Convention. Senator Charles S. Thomas, of Colorado, a Bryan Democrat, also appeared on behalf of the lobby. The Washington lobby included 274 utility attorneys, a few of them Democrats. It has been shown that 100 utility executives contributed in 1924 to Calvin Coolidge's campaign fund, nine to the John W. Davis fund, none to the Robert F. La Follette fund.

Merritt Meechem, former Governor of New Mexico, who ostensibly represented that State at a conference of Governors on Boulder Dam, actually was employed to "report" the proceedings for the electrical interests; his law firm got a fee of $5,000; and Charles A. Brough, a for-

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Ewing Galloway, New York

SITE OF THE PROPOSED DAM
in Boulder Canyon, Colorado

mer Governor of Arkansas, is director of the Utility Propaganda Bureau in that State.

In addition to speeches over the radio and from the platform (the Illinois Bureau alone caused more than one thousand speeches to be made in eighteen months by members of its Bureau), propaganda was distributed in magazine articles and books. To Richard Washburn Child, former Ambassador to Italy under President Harding, $7,500 was paid for writing a propaganda book. To Ernest Greenwood, formerly in charge of the labor office of the League of Nations, $5,000 was paid for writing "Aladdin, U. S. A.," published by Harpers, to which I shall have occasion to recur presently. Theodore M. Knappen, a Washington free lance, wrote an article for the "Magazine of Wall Street," and another for the "Nation's Business," monthly organ of the United States Chamber of Commerce; the chairman of the Board of Governors of the "Nation's Business" is Philip H. Gadsden, Vice-President of the United Gas Improvement Association of Philadelphia, and vice-chairman of the joint propaganda committee of which I have spoken.

A Washington newspaper correspondent, who has been expelled from the Senate press gallery on this account, got $150 a month for reporting legislation which might affect utility interests; he denies that he has written anything for publication on behalf of the lobby. To a newspaper reporter, for five "special" articles, the munificent sum of $25 was paid. The General Federation of Women's Clubs got $30,000 for "an urban and rural home survey." Persons of prominence were induced to sign propaganda articles. How this was done, in some cases at least, was illustrated in the case of Mrs. L. H. Jennings, President of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. She signed an outgiving called "Better Homes," written and distributed to the press of that section by an "information" director.

"Of course you know," she wrote to him, "that the article which you wrote and which you so kindly allowed me to sign as my own has made quite a 'hit.' I appreciate the copies that you have sent me and am enjoying the delightful publicity caused by the various papers copying the article, although I feel quite an impostor."

Certainly no propagandist can be censured for exploiting such naïveté as that!

Newspapers, of course, were the obvious channels of utility and power lobby propaganda, and they afforded the easiest way. Not since the Hughes insurance investigation of 1905 has the American press appeared in a light so discreditable as that thrown upon it by the Federal Trade Commission inquiry. The earlier inquiry revealed actual venality; some papers got a dollar a line for printing propaganda as news, a few charged as much as five dollars a line. There has been no such testimony in this case; but there is abundant evidence that newspapers all over the United States have printed propaganda as their own, both in news and editorial columns, either through complaisance, gullibility, or gratitude for advertising accounts. The chief propagandist in Iowa told the Commission:

> Without exception the public relations of those companies which advertise in the newspapers are better than those which do not. A newspaper could hardly be expected to take a favorable attitude toward a company which refused to advertise. Since taking my present position, I have been responsible for an increase of 1,000 per cent in the volume of paid advertising given to the newspapers of Iowa.

All the free publicity matter which this man put out in connection with the advertising, he was free to own, was propaganda.

"And was there nothing in it," he was asked, "to inform the reader that it had been written by an employee of the utility companies?"

"No," he replied; "but the newspapers knew who wrote it and they printed it." He boasted that in a single year he had got $80,000 worth of free space in Iowa papers.

Propagandists holding similar positions gave testimony (too lengthy to be repeated here) showing that thousands of pages of newspaper space had been devoted to their purposes; in Missouri alone 334 solid eight-column sheets, in Ohio half as much again, and so on. The expense attached to this, aside from the salaries of the propagandists, was about $25,000,000 a year for advertising. The publisher of a North Carolina paper wrote to a propagandist:

> I wish you would find out for me if possible why the Carolina Power and Light Company does not give us our share of the advertising they put out in this section. . . . Our editorial staff has made a special effort to keep them in right with the public since their invasion of this territory.

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Many such letters were introduced as exhibits. Moreover, the Associated Press and the United Press were induced to spread over their wires stories written by the propagandists. One of the propagandists wrote:

> We concentrate on the Associated Press and the United Press. The International News Service [belonging to the Hearst papers] is not greatly interested in us.

LETTERS were introduced into the record from members of the Associated Press and United Press services, thanking the propagandists for their stories and actually asking for more. The head of the Missouri Bureau wrote: "I think word has gone down the line from the headquarters [of the Associated Press] to take care of our committees on public utilities information." When these revelations were made, Karl A. Bickel, President of the United Press Associations, sent a circular letter to bureau managers and staff correspondents, warning them that this was "journalistic second-story work."

> There is a real and legitimate field in America [he wrote] for men representing great and complicated industrial and financial establishments, in acting as liaison agents between the industries they represent and the press. But no man can hope to regard his work as legitimate and honorable who attempts to utilize it to pass on to a press association or a newspaper an item alleged to be news that is in reality propaganda aiming to mold public opinion on a controversial subject. . . . The fact that the press agent was underhanded enough, by shrewdness or bribery, direct or indirect, to put the item over, does not in any sense excuse the press association or newspaper. . . . We must at all times and in all ways be constantly and persistently on our guard against any effort on the part of any one to inject improper matter into the body of our service. . . . Keep the poisoners out.

THERE is no proof that newspapers have been bought outright in order to further the interests of the power lobby; but it is a matter of record with the Investigating Commission that Ira C. Copley, who in 1926 sold the bulk of his public utility interests in Illinois to Samuel Insull, bought a string of small newspapers in Illinois and then invaded California. At San Diego he bought three newspapers, and discontinued the one which, it so happened, had supported Government ownership. He said at the time that he had "no connection with any public utilities anywhere," although the record shows that he still held more than four million dollars' worth of bonds and stocks in two gas companies.

A single example will suffice to show the methods adopted by the utilities in dealing with State legislation. In California an act for the public development of the State's water power was submitted to the electorate in 1922. After the campaign, in which the measure was defeated, the Jones Legislative Investigating Committee examined utility agents and corporation executives who admitted that they had spent more than half a million dollars to manufacture public opinion against it. The outcome of this vote was widely used in the press of other States, but no mention was made of the money spent to influence the outcome, so far as the testimony before the Federal Trade Commission reveals.

A QUESTION may arise as to why the utilities have spent millions of dollars to influence the public against Federal development of Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam, and against State operation of enterprises although proclaiming constantly that Government ownership and operation must necessarily fail. Some light may be thrown on this by presenting here a table compiled by H. S. Raushenbush and Harry W. Laidler in their book "Power Control." Here is shown the gains in a typical list of utility stocks, from the high point in one year to the high point five years later:

	1921	1926
American Light and Traction Co.	112	264
North American Co.	46	670
Middle West Utilities	24	134
Standard Gas and Electric Co.	17	69
Columbia Gas and Electric Co.	68	270
American Waterworks and Electric	6	270
Public Service of Northern Illinois	82	143
Philadelphia Company	35	91
Philadelphia Electric Co.	22	67
Republic Railway and Light.	7	98
United Gas and Electric	1	66
United Gas Improvement	39	120

Mostly, these are holding companies for networks of operating concerns. That their stocks have been bid up in this fashion indicates pretty clearly that they make vast profits.

"Power Control" quotes Federal Trade Commission figures, gathered in an investigation prior to that now under way, to show the concentration of the industry. These show that five companies, with their immediate sphere of influence, controlled 49.6 per cent, or nearly half, of this Nation's electrical output in 1925; that the next eight companies in size controlled another 22.6 per cent of the total, and that the next seven controlled 13.6 per cent. These twenty corporations, in other words, controlled 83 per cent of the Nation's electric output. In 1926 the process of consolidation continued, notably in the South, Southwest, and Middle West. Unquestionably it is now much greater than when the Commission compiled its figures. When it resumes in September, it will renew its inquiry, it announces, into holding companies, profits, and concentration.

MUCH embarrassment has been caused to the privately operated utilities by the Cleveland municipal plant, which sells electricity at three cents per kilowatt-hour, and by the Ontario superpower system, owned and operated by the Government, which sells electricity for domestic use at two cents per kilowatt-hour. Judson King, of the National Popular Government League, has compiled figures of cost for domestic electric service in thirty-two American cities where it is supplied by private enterprise, as compared with all the twenty-two cities of more than ten thousand population in Ontario, where the Government owns and administers the system. These figures show an average for American cities of 7.4 cents per kilowatt-hour over the 1921–6 period; while the actual price to Ontario consumers over the same period was 1.6 per cent. But, in order to be absolutely fair to private management, Mr. King adds to the Ontario figure ten per cent to equalize its tax rate with the American rate, another ten per cent to pay dividends to private stockholders, and *thirty per cent* to equalize the difference between water generation, as in Canada, and generation from coal, the source in twenty-three of the thirty-two American cities considered. These are generous allowances for private ownership, including liberal profits; and yet even so it is shown that American consumers of electricity must pay five cents per kilowatt-hour more than Canadian consumers. If that difference were applied to the whole 1925 output in the United States, it would allow to the electric utilities, after paying a ten per cent profit to their stockholders, a total of three billion dollars velvet.

In the circumstances, it is not difficult to see why the utilities spend money lib-

(*Please turn to continuation, page 600*)

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The Longfellow Nobody Knows

By
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

Two or three generations ago Longfellow was a household word and his poems were loved and widely quoted. In our own school days "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Psalm of Life" could be found in every reader. And then a few years ago it became the fashion to sneer at his work and to dismiss his poetry *en masse* as trivial and sentimental. How will coming generations regard him?

Two weeks ago we published a new estimate of Edgar Allan Poe; this revaluation of Longfellow is the second of a series on some of America's great literary figures re-estimated in the light of contemporary criticism.

Howard Mumford Jones is an author and poet and Associate Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of North Carolina.

THE crudity of contemporary criticism is never more glaring than when, discussing the classics of American letters, its writers abandon historical perspective as unprofitable and proceed to evaluate the objects of their destructive irony as if these writers were living in the United States today. Longfellow lacks guts; Lowell lacks subtlety; Emerson lacks psychology; Bryant lacks humanity; and only with the acrid Thoreau, the enigmatic Hawthorne, and the febrile Poe are they at ease. But the classical writers are as they are, and it is surely the negation of common sense to complain that they do not have the qualities of somebody else. If they lacked a modernistic philosophy, it is because they matured in the era of Jacksonian democracy—an era cloudy with seraphic hope in the perfectibility of man and the progress of the Republic. If they do not have the wit of Shaw, the gloom of Dreiser, or the psychological fantasies of Sherwood Anderson, why, neither did anybody else, such things being unthinkable in a nation of unlimited land, a limited educational system, and limitless faith in the freedom of the human will.

Longfellow has had more than his share of this uncritical abuse, a fate the more undeserved when one recalls the fortune of his compeers in Europe. French criticism does not take Lamartine as seriously as his generation took him, but it is not unfair to the author of "Les Méditations" as American criticism is unfair to the author of "Hiawatha." Freiligrath is a faded name, but it does not seem to arouse the Germans to the abuse or the scorn which the name of Longfellow evokes among our intellectuals. Tennyson undoubtedly wrote a rather silly poem about being queen of the May, but he also wrote a rather noble poem about being Ulysses, and a just estimate takes account of both. But because Longfellow wrote "A Psalm of Life" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus" the wits do not admit that he wrote, or could write, anything better.

And yet I believe that any candid reader will conclude otherwise. The poet who wrote "A Psalm of Life" at thirty is no more the poet who wrote "The Saga of King Olaf" with its surge and thunder than the Tennyson of "Oriana" is the Tennyson of "In Memoriam." It is true that Longfellow's enormous popularity forced upon him the continual production of that pleasant, sentimental verse which flowed too freely from his pen, but there is evidence that he chafed against the necessity. He wrote in 1842:

Half of my life is gone, and I have let
The years slip from me and have not fulfilled
The aspiration of my youth, to build
Some tower of song with lofty parapet.
Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor the fret
Of restless passions that would not be stilled,
But sorrow, and a care that almost killed,
Kept me from what I may accomplish yet.

The tower of song was, of course, the "Christus" trilogy, which, except for "The Golden Legend," is a failure. But there is no appeasing the hounds of contemporary criticism. On the one hand, it is made a reproach that Longfellow was placidly satisfied with his accomplishments, and, on the other, that his reach exceeded his grasp, though heaven is said to exist on that account. And yet there must be something to the man. Bryant, who was certainly no fool, wrote him that "the exquisite music of your verse dwells more than ever on my ear." Hawthorne, who did not lack critical insight, reported: "I read your poems over and over, and over again, and continue to read them at all my leisure hours; and they grow upon me at every reperusal." These sentences should give the judicious pause.

It is true they appear in letters to the poet. Mr. Herbert S. Gorman, in his "The Victorian American"—the fairest attempt at a critical estimate made in our time—explains that, though "Henry deserves all this" (one loves the condescension of the Christian name!), the poet wrote only "for his day and for his people." Alas! Mr. Gorman writes for *his* day and *his* people, and, though he tries to be just, his bias is evident, as when he says that, "like all great Victorians," Longfellow "permits no more than a certain few facets of his days to reflect themselves in his work." One is tempted to inquire how many facets of Vergil's days appear in the Æneid. One is minded to ask how many facets of our day appear in Robinson's "Tristram." And then, remembering the religious problems of Longfellow's day, one might inquire whether any important facets of that question are missing from his poetry.

Of course one can answer: Why, the poetry of religious doubt. But before the answerer becomes too complacent, let him think whether the indifference of the earth to man is anywhere better expressed than in this poem:

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveler to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Incidentally, there are just five adjectives in this poem. Had it been signed by Arthur Symons or Shaemas O'Sheel or William Butler Yeats, people would be talking about Celtic magic. It ap-

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pears, as a matter of history, in "Ultima Thule," a volume in which Mr. Gorman finds only the "placid and industrious repeater." I can only say that these verses seem to me an astonishing performance for an old man, and, far from "dripping" from the pen of "the acknowledged ambassador of goodness," they read to me like a heart-breaking cry of bewilderment. And yet, in the face of these lines and others like them, Mr. Gorman writes that "Henry is smug from the beginning to the end," though "he is absolutely unconscious of the fact."

Well, let us turn to "Morituri Salutamus:"

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.

Perhaps I have lost all my critical faculties, but if these noble lines are smug, what, pray is the "Epilogue to Asolando"? Regarding Mr. Gorman's astonishing judgments, one can only quote "The Golden Legend:"

From frailty and fall—
Good Lord, deliver us all!

But we must be fair to Mr. Gorman. He performs a useful service by reminding us how much there is in Longfellow we would rather forget. There is nothing new in the indictment, but it must be reckoned with if we are to see that other and better Longfellow who is obscured by "the children's poet." It must be admitted that he wrote too facilely and too much. He lacks the subtleties of Meredith or Browning. He is preachy and obvious. Again and again he begins a fine lyric only to fritter it away in a cheap moral lesson. Much of his verse lacks substance, and some of it has the mechanical regularity of a hammer beating on velvet. This is the Longfellow everybody knows.

Yet even here there is something to be said. Fashions in children's poetry change, but it requires positive genius to write for children in any fashion without writing down to them, and Longfellow succeeded where men of rarer intellect have failed. It is even something to prefer a hero in the strife to the happiness of dumb, driven cattle; at least we admire John Stuart Mill for a similar preference. In the midst of this earlier verse one hears for a moment such solemn, imaginative music as this:

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

There is a simplicity of genius as well as a complexity of genius, and while modern poets are carefully cultivating simplicity, let us ask whether they have written anything more effective than the utter simplicity of this picture?

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

Unfortunately, lyrics that begin as effectively often dribble away. Here, for example, is some of the "exquisite music" in a poem called "Seaweed:"

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador.

If only the poet's better angel had stopped him with the fourth stanza! He did not, and one learns in four more stanzas that poems are the seaweed of wild emotions.

But let us leave these errors to Mr. Gorman. Let us put aside the moral exhorter and the facile versifier. Let us shut the village blacksmith in his smithy, forget that the day is cold and dark and dreary, and leave the unfortunate skipper and his daughter to perish, as perhaps they deserve to do. Let us put aside the plays (except "The Golden Legend") and let us forget the mawkish prose. Let us even put aside "Hiawatha," though there is much to be said for it (and Mr. Gorman, with admirable impartiality, says it), and ask ourselves what is left.

Well, there is a great deal left. In the first place, Longfellow is the greatest sea poet in American literature, and one of the finest in the English language. The magic and the mystery of the ocean are caught in "The Seaside and the Fireside" and in certain lyrics as they have been rarely caught in English verse. At the other extreme is the wild, lawless beauty of the northern ocean in which "The Saga of King Olaf" is set, and if there be better sea fighting in verse than in this bluff narrative, I do not know where it is. Critics who deny energy to Longfellow had better read it, and read again "The Skeleton in Armor:"

Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
"Death!" was the helmsman's hail,
"Death without quarter!"
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

These are words like whips. And may I ask the reader to forget that "The Building of the Ship" has been torn to shreds in declamatory contests, and to consider such passages as these?

Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

Even with the mixed figure, this is sheer magic.

In the next place, Longfellow is the finest master of the sonnet in nineteenth-century American literature, and one of its principal masters in all English verse. There are, to prove the case, the six majestic sonnets for his translation of the "Divine Comedy." There are the sonnets to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, and Keats, each a portrait, and each the subtlest sort of appreciative criticism. There is "The Cross of Snow" with its anguish, and "Mezzo Cammin" with its noble confession of failure. And there are the sea sonnets, two of which seem to me to rival the more celebrated ones of Keats. Here, for example, is "The Sound of the Sea:"

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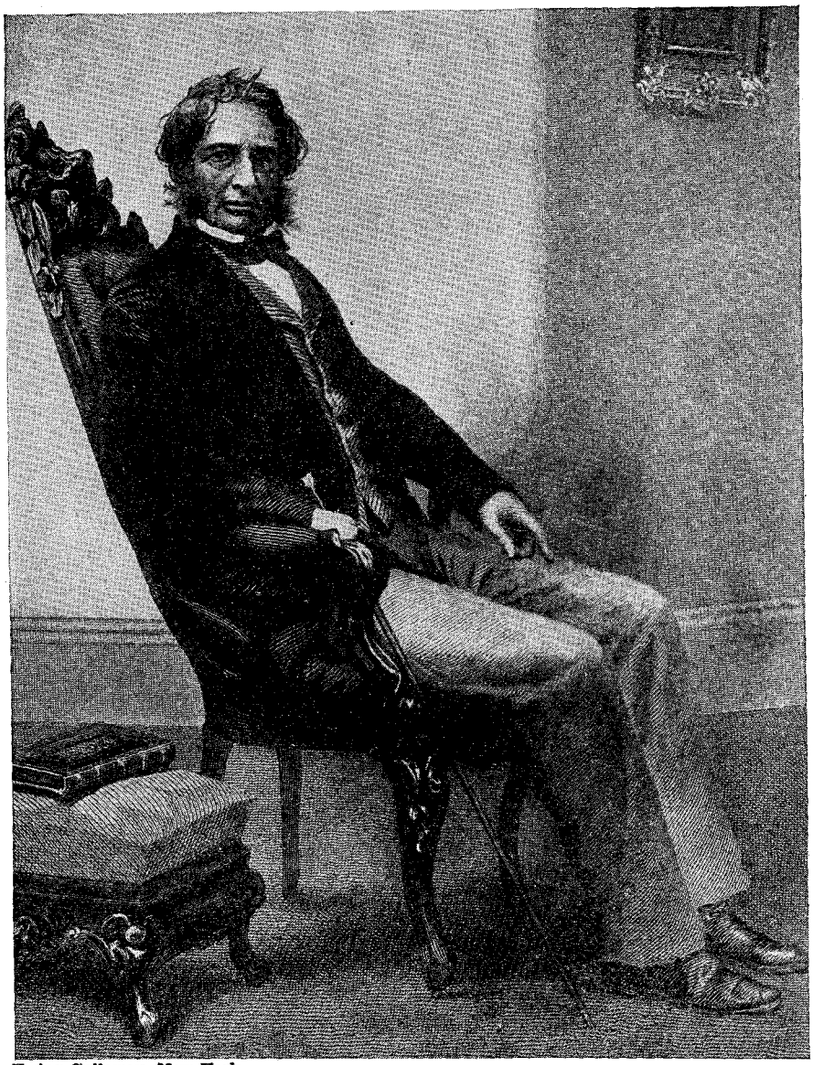

Ewing Galloway, New York

THE LONGFELLOW NOBODY KNOWS

From a photograph taken about 1862

The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.
So comes to us at times, from the unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;
And inspirations, that we deem our own,
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or control.

Has Wordsworth anything better of the sort? I am tempted to quote the conclusion of "A Shadow" to confute those who claim that Longfellow is a silly optimist:

Be comforted; the world is very old,
And generations pass, as they have passed,
A troop of shadows moving with the sun;
Thousands of times has the old tale been told;
The world belongs to those who come the last,
They will find hope and strength as we have done.

And, in the third place, there are the narrative poems. Here we must distinguish. The art of writing good narrative verse is one of the rarest accomplishments in poetry. In English its masters are few—Chaucer, Dryden, Scott, Morris, Longfellow, Masefield, and one or two others. The narrative poet must, first of all, tell a good story, not merely decorate one. He must present us with objectified, lifelike characters, not merely analyze or dissect personalities. The setting and atmosphere must be raised above the level of the commonplace sufficiently to justify the use of verse rather than prose—a necessity that Crabbe usually forgot and Wordsworth sometimes failed to remember. And then the poet must not let us feel at any moment that the easy management of his verse has got away from him. It is a *genre* in which Longfellow excels.

Familiarity and the killing conscientiousness of public-school teaching have dulled "Evangeline" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," but, could we see them as they really are, we would see, I think, how artfully their stories are managed: how in "Evangeline" the author leads us again and again to hope that the lovers will meet, and yet makes us recognize the necessity for their not meeting; and how cleverly the plot in "Miles Standish" is made to turn upon the Captain's departure from Plymouth. The "Tales of a Wayside Inn" is full of good things. I do not myself care for the rattle of "Paul Revere's Ride," but there is plenty to offset it: dry, pithy narratives like "Kambalu," an anecdote, the cynicism of which will come as a shock to the intellectuals; the sardonic gloom of the painful "Torquemada," the vigor and ease of "King Robert of Sicily," and the pleasant humor of "The Birds of Killingworth." And, above all, there is "The Saga of King Olaf." Longfellow came to develop a swift, economical narrative style, a style which seizes upon the salient points and presents them in their dramatic aspects, a style undiscovered by the wits because they do not wish to find any good in him. It is found in the "Tales;" it is found in the later ballads; and it is found in the later narrative lyrics, of which "Jugurtha" is a specimen:

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!
Cried the African monarch, the splendid,
As down to his death in the hollow
Dark dungeons of Rome he descended,
Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended;
How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

This has the sagacity, the dry Roman strength of Walter Savage Landor.

But I will venture on bolder claims. As a creator of character Longfellow has never received his just due. Let the reader run over in his mind the *dramatis personæ* of the Longfellow

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The Next Great American Industry

By K. C. DAVIS

There was a time when, despite such hardships as side-hill plowing, the farmer's life had the great appeal of independence. But now, it appears, farm mergers are proposed. Where conditions favor a uniform crop, the idea seems to be workable.

PROPERLY analyzed, the so-called farm problem in America is no such thing. It is primarily and essentially economic, and when it is solved economically it will no longer remain a problem.

Witness the experiment of John O. Chapman near Corpus Christi, Texas. On a huge tract of land, 18,000 acres of which are being worked intensively by 124 farmers working under one management, he is proving by actual demonstration that farming, the largest of all industries, and so far the least advanced toward a definite standard, can be as successfully organized and as efficiently and profitably operated as any other industry.

Beginning a little more than four years ago with six quarter-section farms, the Chapman Ranch now comprises 124 farms or quarter-sections operating as a unit under one management, according to well-defined standards which are uniform in each of the smaller units. That is to say, all of these farms are virtually alike. The equipment is the same. Even the soil is uniform, being a heavy black, tenacious, rather rich soil known by the Federal Bureau of Soils as Victoria clay. The farmers are all white Americans, and the crop upon which they concentrate is the same—cotton.

All contracts are verbal, made by Mr. Chapman after personal interviews with the applicants. While the contracts are for only one year, the annual changes are relatively few; last year only 27.

The applicant is required to give evidence of good faith in taking up his residence on the ranch by purchasing approximately $2,000 worth of farm machinery. This becomes his permanent property after it is paid for. In numerous instances the owner "grub-stakes" the applicant for the first year, after selling him his outfit at a price fifteen to twenty-five per cent cheaper than he can buy it in the commercial market.

IN the Chapman system 160 acres of cotton is the unit for each farm. The operator seldom runs behind, even with this large area. He prepares the soil under the general supervision of the company expert. Improved seed is used in every case. Best methods of controlling boll weevil and other enemies are used punctually and often co-operatively. The most approved systems of planting, thinning, cultivating, and dusting are invariably followed. Harvesting begins and is pushed diligently at the proper time.

Living conditions are excellent. The houses are neat, well-built, of five to seven rooms. They are painted white, are screened, and have running water. There is a barn (in case of the older farms), a building used as a garage, smoke-house, seed room, and implement room. No haphazard, shiftless methods or slouchy-looking premises are found.

The operator is also encouraged to keep one or more milk cows, a home garden, poultry, and in some cases a pig or litter of pigs. Inquiry showed that every farmer except one had an automobile.

The average age of the farmers on the Chapman Ranch is thirty-seven years. The families are therefore chiefly young and many of the children of school age. For their needs are two splendid brick structures, both built within the last three years. There are twelve teachers for the white children, and two in a separate building for Mexican children. Space has been left between the high school building and the grade building for a larger central unit to include, besides schoolrooms, an auditorium and gymnasium.

EARLY in the development of the colony, for the ranch is really that, a census was taken of the denominational following of the entire population. Churches were established by the two leading denominations—Methodist and Baptist—and Mr. Chapman gave two buildings for their use. The congregations freely invited others to join with them, and thus denominational lines have been wiped out.

The Chapman Ranch Company, the Chapman Motor Company, and the Chapman Mercantile Company have a joint office in the village. The Mercantile and Motor Companies do business under the same roof—a new fire-proof one-story building, well lighted from all sides and from above, covering 36,000 square feet.

The Mercantile Company operates its stores as departments of one big concern. There is a hardware store, implement store, grocery store, dry-goods and clothing. The price of groceries compares with cash-and-carry figures. Implements and other merchandise average fifteen to twenty-five per cent lower than found elsewhere at retail. The Motor Company has a filling station, oil and grease for cars and tractors, a repair department, and a supplies department which furnishes parts for farm tractors and the more popular makes of automobiles and trucks.

BASED upon the experience of 1927, each field of 160 acres has produced 90 bales of lint cotton. The early fall price was slightly more than twenty cents per pound. The operator sells three-fourths of this, while the landowner receives one-fourth of the seed cotton as rent for land.

The agricultural benefits of such large units of standardized farming are many. There are also social and economic advantages. Graded and drained roads lead to each farm. Better health conditions prevail. Churches are maintained at less expense and there is less denominational competition. Groceries are cheaper, clothing and farm needs are supplied at the best possible prices, and farm equipment can be bought at fifteen to twenty-five per cent below the prices in near-by towns. Money may be more easily secured on the crop than in other systems. The ranch-owner is safer in advancing money on a crop than is a banker; in fact, bank inspections and regulations are unnecessary. Money is therefore cheaper. Operators are prevented from making use-

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Politics and the Southern Negro

A Letter from Tennessee

By DIXON MERRITT

LET us consider the Southern Negro in politics—which he is not. But because of Ben Davis of Georgia, Perry Howard of Mississippi, and a few others here and there—almost wholly there—we must consider him thus.

Except for a few pie peddlers in the Gulf and South Atlantic States and an occasional bumptious buck elsewhere, Southern Negroes are not interested in politics. Their every-day interests are coon dogs, watermelons, connection rods for worn cars, craps, and the Christian urge. These are mixed in different proportions in different individuals, and not all of them in every Negro.

Their interests sufficiently abiding to be called aspirations are book-learning, life in large cities, and the acquisition of a little real property in the neighborhoods where they were born and reared. With Negroes, socially inclined and not yet wholly removed from the influences of a tribal life, a little property goes a long way. The same bit of ground confers, in different ways, the rank of chief on several men.

Let me illustrate.

With me are three mature Negro men —Tom Doss, John Simmons, and the Rev. Marcus Dillahunty. Tom and John have crops. Dillahunty—we recognize professional dignity among the dark of skin by the use of the surname—works for wages in the spare time that he has from his ministerial and other duties.

Tom and Dillahunty are landowners. John is too much the trader, the natural-born middleman, to be nailed to the ground. But is he without interest in the land that the others own? He is not.

John, having his crops on our land, leases Tom's little farm. He sublets the house to a Negro named Bates, whose job is with the stone-crusher for the highway. He sublets the tillable land, or a part of it, to Dillahunty, who is trying to get his own into meadow.

What happens as to the conferring of chiefships?

Tom, a cropper, is a landlord, a collector of rents. John, also a cropper, is a manager of properties, buying the use of lands and selling it again to those who need it. Dillahunty is the builder of fertility, reaching out beyond his boundaries for his sustenance while his own acres rest and grow rich—which is one particular in which acres differ from men.

Pitiable? Nothing of the kind. It has its pathetic side; but remember that the pathetic is a blend of the sad and the beautiful, and in this case, at least, beauty outbulks sadness by a great deal. It is a situation full of hope, not so much for these three individuals as for the race to which they belong. No one of these Negroes will ever own a great deal of property, but they will own enough for their unpretentious needs, and the interest that they feel in property Negro-owned forecasts a generation of Negroes who will sit, what time they can sit down, beneath their own vine and fig tree.

It would not be correct to say that these Negroes feel no interest in politics. They are interested in good government. But it would be accurate to say that they take not the slightest interest in the partisan differences between Democrats and Republicans. John, now past fifty, has voted once in his life. (Remember that Negroes who want to vote do vote in Tennessee on exactly even terms with whites.) Dillahunty's preaching, at least his week-day preaching, is largely concerned with non-participation by Negroes in the political squabbles of the whites. Tom never so much as mentions politics.

These three men seem to me typical of the substantial, home-staying Negroes of the South. There are, of course, Negroes who can be bought and voted in droves. Negroes, after all, are a great deal like white men. There are Negroes who can be influenced to foolish and vicious action by political agitators. I am not saying positively that my own are not of that number. I have never expected my Negroes to be more level-headed than I am myself, though they frequently are.

Before the fanatics descend upon me and indict me for peonage, I had better explain that term, "my Negroes." Any one of these men would refer to me and mine as "my white folks." To us, it is not even faintly reminiscent of slavery. Indeed, it is much less suggestive of a servile class than the "my boss" and "my boys" of the industrial centers. The terms are simply handy handles for families of two races working together at the same tasks.

Purchasable Negroes. Yes. Impressionable Negroes. Certainly. But the day is far past when the Negro can be made to believe that anything political can put him back in slavery.

With the passing of that black magic has passed, in large measure, the Negro's blind devotion to the Republican Party. When he believed that departure from Republican rule meant slavery, he voted in order to save his children's liberty. Now that he does not believe it, he does not vote at all. Another day, he will be voting again, not with one party, but with two—or with five, if our tendency toward the bloc system continues.

Meanwhile, aloof from politics himself, he is used by knaves to frighten fools. Unfortunately, there is still a considerable number of Southern whites who can be frightened into foolish action by the bugaboo of Negro equality. Heretofore that cry has been raised only against Republican candidates. This time it is raised against both Hoover and Smith—not, of course, by the same set of tricksters. Among the Democrats opposed to Smith are those who say: "Yes, Hoover did make some Government clerks work with Negroes. But what of that? You work with Negroes every day. But Smith—Smith believes in social equality. He would make you eat with Negroes."

It is inconceivable that men believe such rot, but there are a few who do—not, however, enough to affect anything much. People, whites and Negroes, are wiser than they used to be. It is only the unscrupulous political manipulator who has failed to learn anything.

If he never learns, at least he will die finally. Living, the sinister in him has been subordinated by the silly. But, considering him and other pusillanimous phases of our politics, who can blame a self-respecting Negro for keeping out of it?

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Hagen, Hardy Annual

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

IT may be said that Walter Hagen, frequently called the greatest "money player" in golf, is an old story. On the contrary, the slick-haired, "snooty" professional who indulges in a manager and all the trappings of a real show-off champion is a new story at least twice a year—the first time when he is supposed to be slipping into oblivion, the second time when he emerges with all his well-bred calm, late at the first tee, probably, but playing the same burn-up golf that made him famous away back in the Rochester days. This year, as it happens, he was supposed to be on the way out only once, while he has proved several times that he was on the way back. That is, if he had really been away. The terrible showing at Moor Park, when Archie Compston took him in hand to the tune of 18 up and 17 to play, was followed by the winning of the British Open in slashing fashion, and now in his home country Sir Walter has taken the big Welsh star in his own hands. This happened the other day at Westchester-Biltmore, where Hagen turned in two rounds of as pretty golf as he has ever done in his career. Hagen shot a 70 and 73 over the West course, which is not by any means easy going.

Those who are upset by the ups and downs of Hagen do not know the imperturbable spirit of the man. When he is not putting well, he is not going to win, and no one knows it better than Hagen. When he *is* putting well, he is going to win, no matter how difficult the task may appear. And Hagen is equally sure of that. Why, then, worry about anything? In which connection a little incident of the Open Championship at Scioto a few years ago. Everybody knows the genial Bob Harlow, Hagen's manager, who probably has not an enemy in the golfing world. Well, Hagen was not going well that day. He had put in one round in a miniature cyclone, and his chances were gone. There was some gloating, as there always is when the supercilious one is taking a beating. Behind his boss Bob Harlow was plugging along, doing the worrying for both of them. "Hey, Bob," yelled a couple of scribes from the upper deck of the club-house, "what's the matter with your meal ticket?" "Never mind my meal ticket," retorted Harlow. "I get three a day, every day. Do you?"

In taking his revenge on Archie Compston Hagen really accomplished something, for the huge Welshman is really one of the great golfers of the earth. Those of us who saw him in action here realize that there is sound reason for the belief in Great Britain that he will some day develop into another Harry Vardon. He has a great deal more power than Vardon, but the methods are strikingly the same, and the control is beautiful, the wrists and the hands telling the story so well, as they did in the case of Vardon. While Hagen kept up his fine golf in the first two rounds in the Canadian Open Championship, Compston passed him by shooting a course record of 67, which was a great piece of work for the Welsh Giant. This was flawless golf on a not too easy course, and even though the visitor in the end could not beat Leo Diegel, he proved that he will give any of our best a battle at any time, including Johnny Farrell and Tommy Armour. There will be more clashes between Hagen and Compston as the season moves along, and at this writing it looks as if Sir Walter would take his share of them. It is a great season, with any one of a dozen men likely to win at any time. I doubt if there have been so many fine golfers in action in a decade.

To drop Hagen for the moment, I want to say something about Leo Diegel, frankly a favorite of mine, partly, because he was once a fine football player

Walter Hagen

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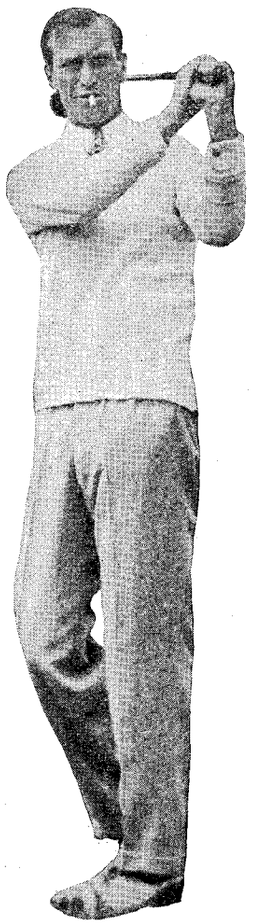
in Detroit and an all-round athlete with the disposition of the true sportsman. I first came across him in Florida four years ago. There he won a sizable purse from as good a field as could be brought together. Since then he has been up with the leaders off and on. And just why he has not won the Open Championship no one, including Diegel, seems to know. He seems to be at his best in Florida, and the Canadian Open is his pet title. Yet he has everything a golfer needs. The same was true of Johnny Farrell for so many years that some of his most ardent followers abandoned hope just at the moment when Farrell came through to the top. The same thing may well happen to Diegel, and I am one of the stanch few who still think it will.

Confidence is still one of the factors, as proved by a long series of the predecessors of the present flight. It is for that reason that the real sportsman readily forgives some of Hagen's eccentricities. And this confidence often takes years in the making. There is a fine edge between confidence and over-confidence, but there is greater need than ever of the former in these days of huge galleries and buzzing pocket motion-picture cameras in amateur hands. I know many an old-timer who would have blown up in the face of the reception the modern player gets on the home green.

There was a time when lack of confidence was the chief bar to progress of the women golfers. One of the cures for that is to play as often as possible with men. Suzanne Lenglen inaugurated that custom in tennis, and Helen Wills has followed it up. Glenna Collett is at it all the time. In the long game she can frequently outdrive all but the first flight of men players. If she cannot, the experience in playing the odd against such opposition is a great aid to confidence. A men vs. women tournament has been held at Fairfield for five years, the recent affray bringing victory to the women, who were Miss Collett, Miss Maureen Orcutt, Miss Edith Quier, of Reading, Pennsylvania, and Miss Martha Parker, of Westchester Hills. It is true that the men had to give a handicap of seven bisques to their women opponents, but the triumph was none the less notable. Time was when a ranking male golfer could give a ranking woman golfer a stroke a hole on the long holes. The passing from the stroke a hole to the bisque basis marks the advance in women's golf, not merely of the top-notchers, but of the rank and file. As it happened at Fairfield, some of the women did not need all the bisques. For instance, Miss Collett beat so fine a player as Jess Sweetser, 3 and 2, using only five bisques out of her allotment of seven. The names of the men players give an excellent idea of the class the women stars faced. They were Jess Sweetser, Watts Gunn, Eddie Held, Gene Homans, Ronald McKenzie, and Dick Jones. That sort of competition is enough to tune up anybody's game.

As to Polo

In just a month the new American Big Four will tackle the Argentines on the International Field at Meadow Brook for the championship of the world. While the International challenge cup is not at stake, since by the deed of gift it is restricted to competition between the United States and Great Britain, this battle between the two Americas carries with it at least the unofficial title of a world's championship. In the meantime the make-up of the new American Big Four four is as far from a settlement as ever. Much is going to depend on the form and the attitude of J. Watson Webb and Malcolm Stevenson, two of the veterans of the last Big Four. They are usually somewhat slow in coming to top form, and they made themselves decide to yield their places to younger players. But, after all, they are just as anxious to beat the Argentines as they were to defeat the British team, and if they find they do shape up in the test matches at Sands Point and Meadow Brook they will undoubtedly make a bid for their old positions. At the moment Webb is playing at No. 2, but he certainly ought to get more chances in the test matches than he did last year of getting out at No. 1 in front of Tommy Hitchcock. It takes a No. 1 more than a few periods in which to adjust himself to the American captain's play.



Archie Compston

With the arrival of the great Lacey, who will play at Back on the team from Buenos Aires, the challenging line-up is complete. Lacey has been playing steadily in England and is in splendid condition. He is probably even further speeded up, perhaps, than the other members of the team who have been here through the month of July. However, Jack Nelson, the Argentine leader, says that from now on his team will speed up as fast as possible. The work at Rumson has been satisfactory, with flashes of fast play, and the team is ready to let out several more links. This means that the visitors will have probably a two weeks' jump on the American defenders. Word has gone forth from the American selection committee that our own four must be settled by the middle of August, which means that there is still a stiff task ahead of Hitchcock and the rest. It means also that Webb and Stevenson must show in a hurry. It would be possible to put a New Big Four in the field built on all three veterans and substitutes of last year. This would mean Webb, No. 1; Hitchcock, No. 2; Stevenson, No. 3; and Strawbridge, Back. The substitutes would then be Captain Wilkinson, and Winston Guest from last year, with probably two others. It is significant that Guest, who arrived on the same ship with Lacey, has announced his intention of coming out for Back, since the forward positions apparently are already well taken care of. Guest is a tremendous hitter, and is sufficient of an all-around horseman and player to learn the position. He is also a big man and hard to ride off. It is possible, of course, but hardly probable, that he might displace Strawbridge, but undoubtedly he could be developed into an acceptable substitute for Back.

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Miniatures from the Life

The Hand of God

By IBBY HALL

TEN years ago a laboring man out in Pittsburgh lost his leg.

If he had been young or resourceful, he might have overcome this disaster. But he had never been any one in particular, and now he was even less than that. He was forty-two years old—an age when what is vaguely referred to as "the future" seems waiting to become the present. With the strapping on of his new wooden leg the future of this man ceased to exist.

Where previously he had taken an unconscious pride in flesh and blood, he had now to endure shame for this piece of wood. He was filled no longer by that sense of health and well-being that exist in a sound body. He must depend upon this dead and ugly object even to get around in life. And he could go nowhere without dragging it along.

Gradually, the man with the wooden leg lost his sense of self-reliance. He was tied to something ignominious, and bit by bit, in his own estimation, he became ignominious. As one year followed another, he worked less, he ate less, and he cared less about living.

The day came finally when he had endured ten years of this increasing misery. He was out of a job and could find no work. It was a Sunday evening in summer, and ahead of him stretched a long and dusty week of job hunting. He had had nothing to eat for some time, and his heart was as empty of courage as his pockets were of money. This was the end.

The church-bells had stopped ringing long ago. The worshipers of God had gone home to their beds. He himself, with his wooden leg, stood upon a bridge of the city and worshiped nothing. Beneath, the river flowed threateningly and black. But looking down, he was not afraid. It occurred to him that there was at least one way out. Beneath the blackness and the threat lay oblivion.

His decision came to him quickly. The next moment he had climbed the railing and was over the side.

As he fell, the swift moving blackness leapt up to receive him. His whole existence flared and dropped into that depth, like a rocket trailing down a midnight sky. In that second preceding a deeper blackness the whole earth was lit up and made plain by this one spark so soon to be extinguished. He saw it clearly for the first time, the illumined earth, ineffable and desirable; and knew that he himself was blotting it out.

The blackness drew him under and the current sucked him down. This he knew was death. Then with a sudden rush, he felt himself torn from the current—he felt the air in his face.

But there was still nothing near him but himself. He was on the surface of the river, floating down-stream. Far above he caught the pale glimmer of stars. The light that fell from them upon the black water was yet so close that his convulsive hands closed upon it. This, too, was death. He would go under now a second time—and then a third—

But still he floated on the surface of that dark stream, and the air rushed past his face and gave him breath. He knew now that he was being held aloft as certainly as he had been sucked under. There was a hand upon his groin that would not let him sink. This, then, was the hand of God.

The man who had been beaten by life turned and twisted his head to see that hand. Floating on the surface of the black water, holding him up as securely as though he had been a cork, was his wooden leg.

For ten years it had been his servant and his master. It carried him now above the menace of the river, around the bend toward rescue and back again into that life he had despised.

The Race

THERE is an old water-logged boat out West that used to be the belle of the Ohio River. In the early days of steamboat trips between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati she was known for the elegance of her figure and for her remarkable speed.

Even this summer it was found that the old steamboat still has her partisans.

"It's all very well," they were heard expostulating, "to talk about looks and speed, but what about endurance? Are these skinny things going to last the way the old Betsy Ann has lasted? Are they going to stand up the way she has? Why, look at her! at this present moment, old and heavy as she is, she could beat any slimshanks on the river."

The boast, somehow, got around. The younger generation first laughed at it and then was annoyed by it. Finally, the backers of one spirited young thing of steel and steam scornfully accepted the challenge.

"We'll show that water-logged old generation where it gets off," remarked the younger crowd. "It's time somebody taught them a lesson."

During the last few days before the race feeling ran high along the Ohio. There were many who remembered the old days softly and with affection, and because of this were willing enough to allow to age an arrogance which they felt was unbecoming to youth. "It's a shame!" and "It shouldn't be allowed," were among the indignant whispers to be heard. But those who sympathized with youth were in high feather. It was time this stodgy old generation got its come-upance.

The day of the race arrived, and the river-banks were crowded with excited spectators. For twenty miles the racecourse shimmered in silver expectancy.

The water-logged old boat sat puffing at the starting-line, while the new young thing swayed lightly beside her. At the signal they were off—one all youth and lightness, the other all age and effort. The new young thing shot easily ahead—right into the middle of the channel. But she had underestimated the emotional capacity of her rival. The old steamboat and her captain were touched to the quick. In a fair and even race, was it sportsmanlike to take the center of the channel? The sporting blood of an ancient day strained at the weather-beaten seams of the Betsy Ann. Her captain turned purple with anger. Indignation lashed her driving power into fury. With a magnificent burst of energy the old boat drove forward and delivered a smart smack on the young one's back side.

The young one was flabbergasted. This was treatment she had not been brought up to expect. Nevertheless she moved over hastily to her own side of

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Castanets and Mantillas

Paris.

By EUGENE BONNER

IT is, unfortunately, a well-known fact that overmuch enthusiasm in regard to almost anything will, nine times out of ten, bring about an unfavorable reaction towards the object of those ardent admirations.

Sometimes, however, an individual (or a group) will present us with something so beautiful, so perfect, and withal so stimulating that ordinary criticism or description can in no way convey the really tremendous impression made upon one, with the result that superlatives by the wholesale are resorted to—often with disastrous results.

In such a category must be included Antonia Mercé, commonly known as "La Argentina." Now this brilliant and beautiful interpreter of Spanish national dances is far from being unknown, having been dancing for several years, not only here in Paris, but in the principal cities of Europe, South America, and even in the United States. But it has remained for her to make the greatest success of her career here in Paris this season, and it's pretty certain that from now on her standing will be on quite another plane from that of heretofore.

Coming from a family of dancers, La Argentina was initiated at an early age into the mysteries of the complicated opera-ballets of the type common before the one and only Isadora Duncan toppled the stiff, ugly, and meaningless old-style ballet off its painfully pointed toes and made it the free, spontaneous, and beautiful thing it has become today.

Of course the so-called Spanish folk-dances were never altogether the slave of the conventional ballet, even when having to more or less conform to the traditions and technique of the old school, but in most cases they were pretty well tamed before being served up to the opera-going public. Also a great many charming ladies with dark eyes and a wiggle rolled themselves into a Spanish shawl, rattled a pair of long-suffering castanets, and let it go at that, hoping optimistically to be taken for the genuine article—which they weren't.

A few months ago the Opéra-Comique, deciding to put on the de Falla opera "L'Amour Sorcier," engaged Argentina for the rôle of the dancer—a most important part. The success of the production was great, but the sensation of the piece was made by the lithe Spaniard in the "Danse Rituelle du Feu," the dance supposed to drive away the evil spirits. The music of this dance is well known to New York concert-goers through the splendid interpretations of Messrs. Toscanini and Arbos with the Philharmonic and New York Symphony Orchestras last season.

Her phenomenal success at the Opéra-Comique encouraged Mme. Argentina to do what her friends and admirers had long been urging her to try—that is, a program of modern Spanish ballets. Since the time of Calderon ballets have been given in Spain; entertainments consisting of a series of choreographic *divertissements* based on national folk-dances and linked together in a more or less dramatic form—pretty much the form of ballet now familiar to us since the advent of the all-conquering Russians.

The program given by Mme. Argentina and her colleagues was divided into four parts: "El Fandango de Candil," a ballet-pantomime in one act by C. Rivas Cherif, with music by Gustavo Duran; "Sonatina," a one-act ballet by Ernesto Halffter, who wrote both the scenario and music; "Au Cœur de Séville" and a "Suite de Danses," the last two being a dazzling succession of traditional Spanish dances—boleros, fandangos, jotas, and tangos.

In "El Fandango de Candil" we find ourselves in Madrid in 1805. The scene is a popular cabaret where people of all classes come to dance or watch the dancing—*"peuple et aristocratie en goguette,"* as the program has it. One of the dancers, called Nina Bonita (Argentina), is the sensation of the moment, and Tout-Madrid of the period comes to applaud her. Manolo, her own particular gallant, in an effort to make her jealous, pays particular attention to a great lady whose face is hidden by her mantilla. In a jealous fury, Nina tears the mantilla from the face of the mysterious one, who, rising to her feet, blazing with fury and diamonds, is recognized to be none other than the Queen of Spain. In the sudden consternation which results the lights are put out (most appropriately) by a blind man. In the darkness and confusion which follows, the Queen and her attendant escape, the old blind man is arrested and dragged off to jail (what business had a blind man at a ballet, anyway?), and Nina, to calm down her lover, dances a "Bolero" to his (and our) en-

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Antonia Marcé, commonly known as "La Argentina"

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The Longfellow Nobody Knows

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narratives: Nokomis and Pau-Puk-Keewis; Evangeline, whom he may not like, but who is nevertheless as clear and distinct as any character in nineteenth-century poetry; Miles Standish, testy, courageous, lovable; Priscilla, whose love story, says Mr. Gorman, is only a "treacly affair" without dignity, a comment which is exactly wrong; King Olaf and his warriors; Baron Castine in the "Tales;" Else in "The Golden Legend," a patient Griselda who we consider, without sufficient thought, improbable, but who is a living, breathing girl. His young men, it is true, we must mainly give up. And we will find in him no crafty bishop ordering his tomb in St. Praxed's, and no troubled Merlin foreseeing the end of all things. But then, we must remember, Longfellow is writing narrative verse, not dramatic lyrics or tortuous confessionals, and it is the business of the narrative poet to present character swiftly and graphically, and to set it in motion.

Then, as a small specimen of Longfellow's skill in this particular let us consider this passage from "Evangeline:"

> Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
> Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
> Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
> Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
> Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
> Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
> Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.

How admirable this is! How succinct and sympathetic—a complete picture of a man!

Justice has never been done Longfellow as a humorist. His humor is too subtle for the commentators he has had. There is one scene in "The Golden Legend" wherein the disguised Lucifer leads astray some friars, a scene mellow with understanding, with humorous appreciation for the foibles of mankind, which Chaucer would not disown, and as for "The Courtship of Miles Standish," the opening sections are a complete comedy of manners, could readers but see it. There is wit in this poet, more than we think. Turn to that poem, and see how quickly it gets under way, how soon we are informed of the characters of Standish and John Alden, their appearance, their personalities, their relations with one another—all in thirty or forty lines.

Moreover, Longfellow can create a world of his own. Once more I beg the reader to turn to "Evangeline," which he has not opened for years—to the passages in which the village of Grand-Pré is described. We know few real villages as well. We know what the women wear and what the men smoke. We see the good priest coming down the lane, interrupting the children at play. The house of Benedict Bellefontaine is as familiar as our own. It is evening, and labor for the day is over. The shepherd returns with his dog, a patient and important animal, walking from side to side. We snuff the smell of wagons—

> Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.

We hear the horses neigh, and the sound of the milk falling into the pails. The milkmaids go in. The stillness increases:

> Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
> Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
> Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
> Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

We enter the house. Evangeline spins for us, and her father sings carols:

> While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
> Followed the old man's songs and united the fragments together.

Presently the hob-nailed shoes of the blacksmith are heard, the notary comes in, the betrothal papers are signed, we all drink ale together, and the old men play checkers. How completely we accept the situation! How clear this is, how convincing! I do not believe our realistic novelists can surpass it. And yet there is in this scene the indefinable charm of poetry—the charm of the Dutch masters. And we are wakened only by the voice of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks telling us that Longfellow's nature is only "a pale-blue melting nature," and that this superb artist was never more than seventeen!

Let us be just. This poet is not a great poet, but he is an excellent one, a master of English verse, of graphic description, of character, of variety and humor and strength. Bryant and Hawthorne, Lowell and Emerson, were not deceived in admiring him. Let us, before we find fault with him, read him without prejudice and discover the Longfellow nobody knows. Let us hope that a competent anthologist will arise to sift out his better work, and, fearless of omitting the worn poetry that everybody detests, put together in a book those better and greater pieces in which Longfellow was truly himself. It is not necessary to apologize for Longfellow; it is only necessary to discover him.

The Next Great American Industry

(*Continued from page 580*)

less expenditures, for spending uselessly is discouraged and waste of funds is prevented.

WHATEVER theoretical dangers may lurk in this system of large-unit farming, none has so far shown itself in practice on the Chapman Ranch. There is no danger of feudalism. Here we find opportunities for advancement and progress on the part of the operator. The owner, of course, is naturally interested in the success of the individual. To prove the popularity of the system, the number of applicants for farms that are vacant each year is so great that it is very difficult to choose.

Each farmer is given such independence as he desires, providing, of course, that he produces in the right way. He is allowed to sell when he pleases. He is allowed to market where he pleases, though all try to market together.

THE Chapman Farm is still in its infancy, but it is no longer an experiment. In fact, no one who is intimately acquainted with its history and its plan of operation regards it as such.

The system can be successfully used in all large-unit production farming throughout the United States. It has proved a success because it follows the most approved practices of modern agriculture. It eliminates failure by reducing waste and inefficiency to a minimum. It makes a financial success out of an otherwise poor shiftless producer who starves his family and markets his crop often without profit because he is attempting to operate on too little capital. In a word, it is one, if indeed it may not properly be called the final and complete, solution of the American farm problem because it is economically sound, socially safe, and scientifically efficient.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Hot News"

IT isn't so often that a picture comes along which defies critical analysis —that is, which ought to be terrible and is actually good; but such a picture is "Hot News" with Bebe Daniels, Neil Hamilton, and others.

To begin with, William Fox spilled Paramount's wind by producing "The News Parade," which deals with the same subject, some weeks before "Hot News" was flashed to the waiting electorate. This in itself would seem to have taken considerable edge from the interest likely to be engendered by the Daniels release. Then again, Miss Daniels has reached a stage of her career where it is just the least bit taxing to accept her as a sweet girl graduate, filled with the exuberance of the early twenties. There are other reasons why the picture should be a washout, and they are to be found liberally dispersed throughout the film itself.

They are all as unimportant as—well, as this review has been thus far and will probably continue to be. For "Hot News" is an unfailingly successful attention-grasper from start to fade-out. It surmounts not only the drawbacks enumerated above—it presents Neil Hamilton in a typical William Haines Pain-in-the-Neck rôle and makes you like him.

The plot of the piece, which was fashioned by Dale Van Every, is concerned with the rivalry between two newsreel concerns, the Sun and the Mercury. Sun News employs Scoop Morgan, ace of the newsreel cameramen, who is a non-believer in the woman-in-business theory. When he learns that the boss's daughter is due any minute from Wellesley, bent on having him teach her his trade, he resigns in a pet and joins forces with the rival organization.

So Miss Clancy, the heroine, has to learn the business without him, which she does in unbelievably fast time. They've never met, but their mutual intention is to "scoop" each other on all possible occasions. In this endeavor Miss Clancy is uniformly successful, she being the star of the picture. Following, however, their first accidental meeting, a speaking admiration begins to develop between them, and there you have your love interest. This isn't allowed to interfere with business rivalry in the least bit, up to the closing scenes, each is working for the other's professional

downfall with no thought of sportsmanship, let alone any tenderer consideration.

There are good scenes, good fun, good titles, and a world of ginger in this picture, and our guess is that, if you don't choose to be too coldly analytical, you'll enjoy it immensely.

"Forbidden Hours"

IF the typical European monarch is, in private life, as thorough-paced a cad as is Ramón Novarro in this picture, it is small wonder that the King business hasn't been so good lately.

Mr. Novarro, as young King Michael IV of Bokelavia, or Humptulia (we've lost our program), conceives a yen for the visiting niece of his Prime Minister. Her name is Mademoiselle — (see statement above regarding loss of program). She is, as played by Renée Adorée, a frightfully cold proposition; she repulses the young King to the point of socking him one in the eye, being fully cagy enough to know that Nothing Good Can Come of It.

The amorous ruler is in no sense daunted by her unwillingness to cooperate. He chases her into rooms, furnishes torrid negligées for her use, and otherwise makes plain his nefarious objective. When a rival appears, he disposes of him by the simple expedient of ordering him to get out.

So it goes—Miss Adorée poignantly virtuous, Señor Novarro poignantly possessive; the thing is, if you get us, poignant—a nice word to write and a nasty one to say.

Of course, for all his rough stuff, the King is just a lonely, warm-hearted boy; and, after Mademoiselle really gets to know him a bit better, she consents to be his on his own terms. But he elects to abdicate and marry her, a plan which is foiled by his loyal subjects, who demand his continuance in office and the lady as their queen. So virtue triumphs. And another punk picture gets by, through really superior acting.

For Fistic Followers Only

THERE has recently been exhibited around the Manhattan salient a fight film which records, in a most interesting manner, the famous knockouts of history. The outstanding round of about seven important fights since the advent of motion pictures is here reproduced. The title is "Old Time Fights," and it is something which every ringsider should see. The immortal first round of the Dempsey-Firpo bout, which is called by Joe Humphries the greatest within his long memory of the ring, is among them, and there are many other well-selected fragments which vary in interest proportionately as you remember the fights themselves and the post-mortems they called forth.

The Joe Gans-Kid Herman encounter is also shown, and gives present-day fans the chance of seeing the phenomenal Ethiopian displaying all the form which made him perhaps the greatest fighter of all time.

The impresario of these records of fistiana is said to be Jack Britton. We wish him the material reward to which his intelligence in selection entitles him.

Out and Injured

WHAT of the theatre musicians? Almost overnight these unobtrusive public servants find themselves confronted by a problem which, in simple terms, may be stated as follows: Where do we go from here?

The talking pictures and the "sound-effects" are here to stay, and what exhibitor will keep up a high-priced orchestra, unless he is one of the relatively few who present a stage show? All that the musicians in an average movie theatre will have to do is play an overture—and they're through.

Will this undeniably small contribution be sufficient? We think not. The theatre-owner will, without doubt, be able to hire a canned overture—and, without doubt, that's exactly what he will do. It's the cotton-gin and the sewing-machine all over again.

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By W. R. BROOKS

A TYPE of fire-extinguisher which we haven't seen until recently is the Shur-Stop, which the makers call the Automatic Fireman. It is a bulb of glass containing a liquid. This is held on the wall or ceiling in a bracket which automatically releases it when the temperature reaches 130°; the bulb falls and smashes; the liquid vaporizes and puts out the fire. Another way to use it is simply as a hand grenade to be thrown at the flames. Another type made by the same company particularly for use in automobiles is more like the usual fire-extinguisher, except that it is hermetically sealed, so that there can be no evaporation of the contents, and vibration and corrosion do not affect it. To use it you push in a plunger and direct the liquid at the flames. The makers guarantee to replace free of charge every extinguisher of this type used to fight fire.

WE see by the Publisher's Column last week that the editor has—following our lead—expressed himself quite enthusiastically on the subject of hobbies. We say "following our lead," though, as a matter of fact, he probably wasn't, as we don't believe he reads our page, except when some one points out to him in it one of those slight inaccuracies which will from time to time creep into the most carefully and conscientiously gathered accounts of facts. Then, of course, it becomes aware that he has read it. However, his remarks embolden us to suggest that the making of ship models is a splendid hobby for those who are accurate and handy with tools, and that Boucher, at 415 Madison Avenue, New York, can supply all sorts of materials, accessories, and parts for every kind of craft, from a rowboat to a full-rigged ship. A friend of ours made a model of the Santa Maria in his spare time a few winters ago. She is about fifteen inches long, built from the plans which we believe the Spanish Government used in making a Santa Maria for the World's Fair; the hull is built up of separate pieces, and every part of the rigging is made to scale and works—even the tiller on the tiny lifeboat which she carries on deck. Of course, it took a long time to do, but this friend had no great skill, only patience and ingenuity, and he created a beautiful model which it would cost several hundred dollars to reproduce.

A SUBSTITUTE for towels for drying face and hands is being introduced into public washrooms, and we believe into some private houses. It is a machine called Sani-Dri. It is made of white porcelain enamel and stands on a pedestal. Through a nozzle at the top heated air is driven up by a fan at the pressure of your foot on a pedal in the base, and hands and face are quickly and efficiently dried. It is said to cut the cost of towels in offices and factories some fifty to ninety per cent.

SOME modernistic furniture can now be had unpainted at Wanamaker's. The pieces include bookcases, dressing-tables, buffet tables, china cabinets, drawer cabinets, coffee tables, and arm-chair book-racks. They aren't particularly cheap, but then we've never seen any modernistic furniture that was. Keeping up with the procession is always more or less expensive.

A NEW process of treating oak, called Cellizing, has made it possible to lay floors of this wood in plastic cement, without nailing, in various designs using squares, diagonal squares, or half-center squares, at a considerable reduction in cost. The process renders the wood impervious to moisture, and flooring so treated will not shrink or expand. Moreover, the squares are not built up separately on the job, but each square is manufactured as a unit, of three or more strips, joined by a steel spline. The narrow strip flooring is also available in the Cellized product, as well as Colonial plank floors with solid wide boards. The elimination of laminating and veneering in these latter makes them much less expensive. All of these floors will remain tight and level, they are insect proof, and are much easier and quicker to lay. Also the plastic cement in which they are laid makes them easy to the feet and acts as a sound deadener.

THE kind of water that came out of the old rain-water barrel was certainly a lot pleasanter to wash with—whether you were washing clothes, dishes, or yourself—than the hard water that comes through most city pipes. If you are one of the old-fashioned house wives that regret the passing of the rain barrel and the cistern, or if you have ever used rain water and know how easy and pleasant it is to use, you may be interested in Melo, a water-softener that is now being sold. It comes in a can and you put two tablespoonfuls in the tub and get a real rain-water bath.

COLONIAL hooked rugs—have we told you this?—are now appearing in regular carpet lengths and can be made up into rugs of any size. They should be useful to those who wish to have floor coverings in harmony with early American furniture in large rooms, where a multiplicity of small hooked rugs would look rather messy.

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that we don't all think alike, else some few schools would have all the pupils. Since it's so—that some parents just don't seem to take kindly to some schools—it's a wise plan to tell about YOUR school where it will reach the people who *will* be directly interested. If progressive, far-seeing people are the kind whose children would find a place in your school, you can reach 100,000 of them at one time. A simple and sure way to interest them is to place the announcement of your school in the "Schools and Colleges" column of The Outlook.

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THE OUTLOOK
120 East 16th Street, New York

. . . "and the Shouting Dies"

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

LARGELY because of the fact that few of the victims remain in the vicinity of Wall Street to show their wounds, there is little that is tragic about the aftermath of even a tremendous landslide in the stock market. One week sees noise, excitement, confusion; the next, serenity, dullness, boredom.

When an advance is in full swing, every chair in the customers' rooms are filled and the standees are packed almost as closely as they are in a New York subway car. Nine out of ten of the occupants are gamblers, pure and simple, wanting something for nothing.

About fifty per cent of the conversation consists of post-mortems.

"I had a good tip on General Motors yesterday. If I had taken it, I would have made ten points."

"I was wondering whether to buy one or two hundred shares of General Electric, and of course I guessed wrong."

"I took twenty points out of Radio last week. Its action on the tape was a sure sign that a move was under way."

The rest of the conversation usually consists of the exchange of tips, conventionally prefixed by "I hear" or "They say."

"I hear that the pool is going to put Postum through 150 before the end of the week."

"They say that Steel is a buy under 140."

But the conversations account for only a small proportion of the noise. Telephones ring steadily. Telegraph instruments clatter orders from San Francisco or Chicago. Instructions are shouted to the clerks. The tickers run at top speed. Occasionally the cry will start, "There goes Atchison" or "Watch the shorts get squeezed in Famous Players."

The business is too much for the machinery of the Stock Exchange. The ticker is recording transactions that occurred thirty or forty minutes before. Customers do not know whether orders were executed, and, if they were, at what price.

The floor of the Stock Exchange is nervous with activity. Brokers have more orders to execute than they can handle without terrific strain.

"The public is in the market."

SUDDENLY prices rush downward. They settle at new levels and all is peace.

Only four chairs in one customers' room are filled. One occupant is asleep. The others are reading newspapers, glancing only occasionally at the board where transactions are recorded. The boys posting quotations are slow and inaccurate, but no one cares. If a stock goes up a point this morning, it seems sure that it will decline a point in the afternoon. The tickers and the telegraph instruments are heard only spasmodically. No one says, "I hear" or "They say." No one calls out, "There goes Kennecott." Nothing seems to be going anywhere.

The victims find that their wounds heal fairly quickly. If one of them faces the fact that speculation has reduced his capital from $75,000 to $50,000, he grows accustomed soon to the reduction in the value of his property. He realizes in a short time, moreover, that he missed a great deal in the days when his greatest happiness was to look over the stock tables and see a +3 after the name of an issue which he was playing for a rise. He enjoys his newspaper on the train home instead of covering the backs of many envelopes with calculations of the amounts he has won or lost during the day or week, or how much better off he would have been if he had bought instead of sold, or *vice versa*. He wakes up at five-thirty and, instead of fretting over what the market will do, he turns over happily and goes back to sleep.

BROKERS on the floor of the Exchange spend pleasanter if less profitable days. The Stock Exchange is very much of a club, but such frantic markets as those this spring leave no time for casual conversation around one of the trading posts. Incidentally, the brand of stories intended primarily for smoking-room consumption should improve. Perhaps half of the tales of Pat and Mike or the Englishman, the Scotchman, and the Irishman that filter through New York City start from the floor of the Exchange. In view of the present apathy in the stock market, the trading of stories should be rapidly on the increase.

IF they are at all compassionate, some of the advisers who persuaded their

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friends to buy stocks which promptly dropped twenty points are even more unhappy than the victims themselves. It is not particularly pleasant to realize that a friend had to sell his house in the country because you told him to buy General Electric at 175. For some such reason as these, the month following a collapse in prices will see some friends avoiding each other in fear of mutual embarrassment. But the clipped speculator soon forgets such unfortunate incidents, and the day may not be far away when he will forget to look at the financial news at all.

A YOUNG insurance salesman is one of those who played the market heavily during this spring. He talked nothing but stocks and offered his friends tips on at least five stocks a day. The declines in his favorites following the raising of the Federal Reserve rediscount rates practically wiped him out. For at least six weeks he didn't vouchsafe any financial advice. One day, though, he came into this office, obviously the bearer of news which he considered important.

"I just got a straight tip," he said. "It came right from the inside. Galena Gal is sure to win the first race at Empire City this afternoon. That horse has not lost a race yet."

THE end of a Wall Street boom means that many of the employees have a chance to see their families again. When four or five million shares of stock are changing hands daily, as they were this spring, the strain of routine work becomes so terrific that it is necessary for the clerks to work almost every waking hour of the day and during part of the time they need for sleep. Returning to their homes means using up time that cannot be wasted, so many of them have to sleep in downtown hotels or on cots in the halls of business buildings.

It takes the constitution of a Bismarck or an Edison to work at such a pace, and not a few of the clerks simply collapsed. It was, in fact, the hospital lists reported by some of the commission houses that induced the Stock Exchange authorities to suspend trading on several Saturdays in order to prevent the pile of work from mounting too high.

FRONT-PAGE tales of the terrific stock market activity brings literally thousands of Mertons of Wall Street from other sections of the country. When the commission houses are being deluged with orders, they can usually find something for these youngsters to do, but when business and commissions fall off many of the newcomers are cast adrift.

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A few interesting facts about Georgia: Agricultural products brought $250,000,000 last year—included famous peaches, pecans, pimentos and peanuts; 900,000 tons of coal deposits; 1,000,000 h.p. potential hydro-electric power; now generates 984,000 k.w.h. electric power annually; has greatest cotton port on the Atlantic and chief naval stores port in the world; is largest state east of the Mississippi and is twelfth state in population.

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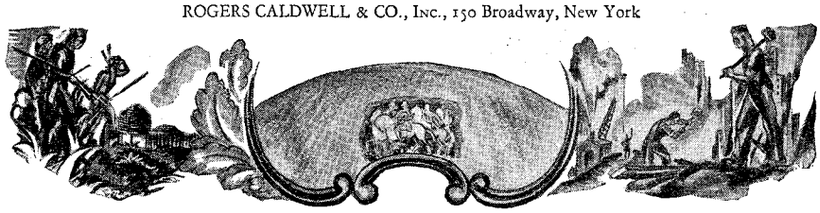

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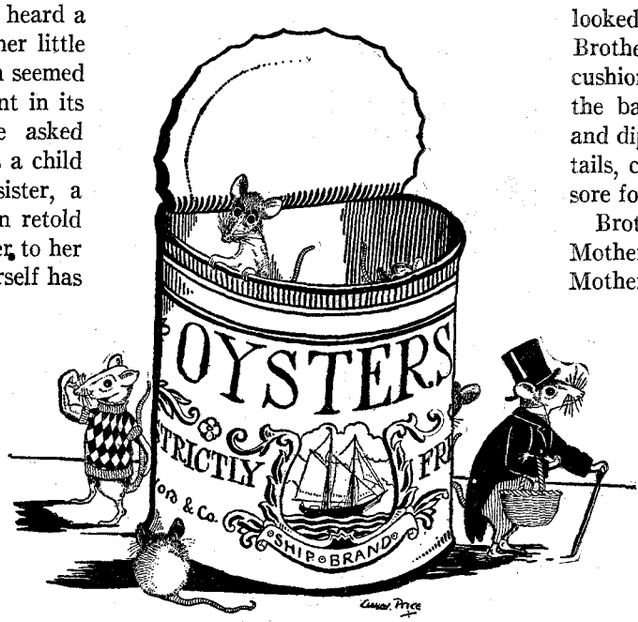
The Oyster-Can Family

A Tale for Children

Edited by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Luxor Price

YEARS ago Miss Dimmitt heard a mother tell a story to her little three-year-old girl which seemed to her so charming and so quaint in its lesson of helpfulness that she asked about its origin. The mother as a child had heard it from her older sister, a kindergarten teacher; she in turn retold it to her younger sisters, and later to her own children. Miss Dimmitt herself has never forgotten the little tale, and here passes it on, with some modifications, to our Outlook readers.



The Oyster-Can Family

As remembered by Della Dimmitt

ONCE upon a time a little family of mice lived in an old oyster can. There was Father Mouse and Mother Mouse, Big Brother Mouse and Big Sister Mouse, and two tiny bits of Baby Mice.

Now before the Baby Mice came Father had always found plenty for the family to eat, but with two more mouths to fill Mother had to join him in his daily hunt for food, leaving Big Brother and Big Sister at home in the oyster can to look after the two tiny bits of Baby Mice. Sister was a sweet girl, but rather timid, and Brother, though he had never been outside the oyster can himself, loved to frighten her with tales of the terrible dangers in the big world outside.

One morning, as the family sat down to their early breakfast of a grain of corn apiece, Father looked at Big Brother and said: "Son, you will have to come with us today. Three heads are better than one, and with your sharp young eyes perhaps you can find bits of food we old folks overlook."

Sister raids the doll's tea table

Of course Big Brother was delighted, and all during breakfast he boasted to Big Sister about the brave adventures he expected to have. And all day after the others had gone, while she tended the little bits of Baby Mice, Sister thought of the wonderful deeds her brother was doing out in the great world. At dinner time there was no sign of the family, but Sister neatly laid out six grains of corn, and while she waited she entertained the babies with stories Father had told her—about the big house where he hunted for food, the kitchen and pantry full of good things, but where dangerous mouse-traps lay hidden, and the playhouse outside where two little girls played tea-party with their dolls. When it grew late, she fed the babies and then crept out of the oyster can to look for Father and Mother and Big Brother.

Then far off she saw them coming, very, very slowly. Mother Mouse was limping between Father and Big Brother, her tail, usually so saucy, drooping weakly over her arm. Quickly, Sister ran to fetch a grain of corn, for Mother looked weak and faint, and while Brother curled himself up into a soft cushion for Mother's foot, Father and the babies scurried down to the creek and dipped up water on the ends of their tails, carrying it back to bathe the poor sore foot.

Brother looked the other way as Mother told what had happened: while Mother was cleverly and delicately nibbling a bit of bacon from a mouse-trap Brother had stuck his curious nose in, and before Mother could escape her leg had been caught. It had taken Father and Brother nearly all day to get her free. So tomorrow, while Father stayed home, Big Brother and Sister would have to go out alone to hunt for food.

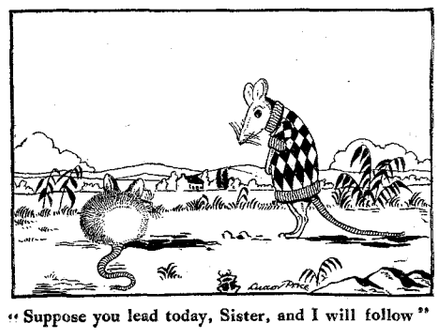
Next morning, even the two bits of Baby Mice helped by swinging their tails to keep the flies from Mother's foot, so Father, who had been up all night, could take a nap in a pile of shavings. And Big Brother and Big Sister started off to hunt for food. They were no sooner out of sight of the oyster can than Brother began boasting of the brave deeds he would perform that day.

"Just you wait," said he, "and see what I bring back tonight. Father and Mother are getting old—it takes a smart young fellow like me to forage!"

"I think," said Sister, timidly, "I'll try the children's playhouse. Father says"—

"Ho ho!" laughed Brother. "Go ahead. You're safe enough there. Little girls are afraid of mice. I'm going back to that pantry. I'll meet you under the big rhubarb leaf down by the garden fence." And he scurried off.

Wishing she were as brave and bold



"Suppose you lead today, Sister, and I will follow"

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as her brother, Sister ran cautiously along the path to the playhouse. She knew the way by heart from hearing her father describe it. Scrunching herself into a little ball, she crept through the open door, then jumped as she heard voices—for, sure enough, two little girls were giving a doll tea-party. But they were too busy to notice her, so, growing bolder, Sister began circling around the edge of the walls.

At the little green table with the children sat five dolls very stiff and straight, a cup of cambric tea and a little plate before each one, and on every plate a delicious cookie. Sister sniffed. Um-m! sugar too, a whole doll's bowl full of lumps! If she could once get her teeth on that!

How the little girls chattered, in so many different voices—the little mouse almost believed the dolls themselves were talking. But Father had told her dolls were not alive and could never hurt her. Would that tea-party never end? Sister began to grow worried, thinking of Mother and Father and the babies hungry at home. Brother was probably waiting under the rhubarb leaf with a great pile of food, laughing to himself about his timid sister.

Girls, he had said, were afraid of mice. Sister wondered—maybe if she showed herself—

Shaking all over, she crept from her hiding-place under the doll-bed and scurried straight across the playhouse floor.

"Ee-ee! Ee-ee!" squealed the little girls. "A mouse!" and upsetting their chairs, they picked up their short skirts and ran through the open door and up the path, leaving Sister so surprised she didn't know whether to laugh or tremble. How funny for anybody to be afraid of her! It made her feel bold for the first time in her life. The five dolls sat stiff and straight in their chairs and before them lay the delicious cookies. Carefully, creeping from floor to chair leg, and from chair leg to tablecloth, Sister made her way. Now she was on top of the table! How strangely the dolls stared! Suppose Father had been mistaken and they were alive, after all, waiting to grab her! Sister's heart went pit-a-pat. But she could not turn back now. First she nibbled off a big piece of cookie, then she set her sharp teeth into a lump of sugar, and climbing carefully down from the table, hurried up the path to the rhubarb leaf.

But Brother was not there. Perhaps he had grown tired of waiting. Perhaps he had carried home his food and gone back for more. A long time Sister waited. It was growing late. She had better get home. So, carrying her cookie and her sugar, off she went. Her burden growing heavier and heavier, at last she came in sight of the oyster can. In the doorway stood Father, looking worried. The babies ran to meet her, proud to be allowed to help carry the sugar lump and the cookie. Inside the oyster can lay Mother, her foot almost healed. And they all sat gratefully down to their delicious dinner!

But where was Brother?

Just at dark they heard his step outside. It sounded so slow and tired that Sister ran out to help him in with the food. But his paws and mouth were quite empty! Brother was hot and tired and cross. All day he had hunted, with no luck. A cat had jumped at him; a trap nearly caught him; a big dog chased him; but not a crumb of anything had he found.

Sister kindly said nothing, only brought him what was left of the sugar and cookie she had found in the playhouse. But next morning, when they started out again, Brother looked at her sidewise and said: "Suppose you lead the way today, and I'll follow."

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

That Terrible Suspense

"The Island of Captain Sparrow," by S. Fowler Wright. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

"Seven Days Whipping," by John Biggs, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE men who wrote these two books are far more gifted than the usual first-rate performers upon the instruments to excitement and suspense. They are virtuosi. Each of them has a superior talent for narrative, real comprehension of character, and a good literary style. And each has particular gifts. S. Fowler Wright has a delicious wit and great inventiveness. And John Biggs, Jr., understands how to convey the threat of coming disaster better than any recent writer except Conrad.

We read "The Island of Captain Sparrow" in three hours of a very hot afternoon, during which we were deaf to repeated calls of duty. It is incredible and convincing. It has some qualities which suggest Defoe, some which suggest Dumas, some which suggest Pastor Wyss, and some which suggest G. B. S. amusing himself out behind the nom de plume. If you can think up an assortment better calculated to make one forget heat, dreariness, and duty, we shall be glad to hear of it. The story has to do with an uncharted Pacific island, sparsely inhabited by an ancient godlike race, a race of goat-men, and a race of large and highly talented birds. Upon this island are cast away at different times and in different ways a pirate crew, a French professor, his daughter and two sailors, and a young English diplomat. The heroic adventures whereby the French girl and the diplomat eventually find themselves in sole possession of the island Eden with a little girl, the last of the godlike race to insure against future inbreeding, cannot, of course, be described here. But they are good ones, and various. Everything that the small boy heart could wish is in this book. There are the island and the mysterious footprints from "Robinson Crusoe," the miraculous cave from "Monte Cristo," the abundant, soul-satisfying details of daily living from "The Swiss Family Robinson," and from G. B. S. the rippling, tickling fun and the enthusiasm for a vegetable diet. Besides that, there are the magic mirror from all fairy tales, the clever birds from "Sinbad," Munchausen, and all bravura naturalists, and the young lovers from every romance. But do not imagine S. Fowler Wright to be either an imitator or a compiler. He is an accomplished writer with a sense of humor and a fertile and original imagination. Only there is nothing quite new under the sun, even when it shines upon an island of dreams.

"Seven Days Whipping" is quite another thing. John Biggs is interested in the psychic experiences of men, and his book is a brilliant study of a mind under severe emotional strain. It is an account of the intrusion of the unexpected upon an ordered plan, of the effect upon a sensitive man, overwrought, overtired, and facing a primitive situation under practically primitive conditions, of an event, in itself harmless if unusual, but which arouses in him strong atavistic impulses. The first part of the book is given to setting and atmosphere, and is as fine a creation of mood as we have come across for a long time; the second, to action; and the third, which is short, to the resolution of the plot and the restoration to normalcy of Judge La Place. The book is not long, and although not lightly written, might be called light reading. To retell the story here would be useless, because without the carefully constructed background the plot would fall to nothing. It seems to us that every one interested in the writing of thrillers and the mechanics whereby suspense is built up would profit from the reading of this book. And more casual readers, looking for excitement, will find almost too much of it here. The book gives the same cumulative effect of inexplicable terror as is given by one of those awful dreams forgotten in detail at the moment of awakening, but lingering about the victim in an oppressive miasma of dread; the sort of dream which one attempts to describe at the breakfast table in apology for having roused the household by nocturnal shrieks, and ends by leaving it unexplained with—well, anyway rather than go through that again I'd take seven days' whipping.

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed last week.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"The Cavalier of Tennessee," by Meredith Nicholson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. This is the life of Andrew Jackson in fiction form. It is excellent reading for high school students as well as for adults. Reviewed last week.

"Two Flights Up," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Small-town love and mystery. Pleasant and unimportant. Reviewed July 18.

"Brook Evans," by Susan Glaspell. The F. A. Stokes Company. This love story of three generations will touch and please any adult reader. It is tragic, truthful, and beautifully written. Reviewed July 25.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this, if only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed July 25.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelist's best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. Good light verse. Reviewed June 6.

Women Without Men!

By MARY SHIRLEY

"We Are Incredible," by Margery Latimer. J. H Sears & Co.

"War Among Ladies," by Eleanor Scott. Little Brown & Co.

"We Are Incredible" disarms th slight criticism that might be made, fo its title proclaims for all who run to rea that it is no more plausible than real lif and human beings are likely to be. Thi book is an astonishing study of virgin ity and the effect of one sterile and futil life on a whole community. The chast and exquisite Hester works like a car cer among the youth of the village. N more malignant woman has ever bee conceived by an author. Yet her char and intelligence hold both men and w men in thrall for many years. We b lieve she has taken in no less a persona than Zona Gale, whose appreciatic adorns the jacket with a lovely figure speech in which she says that Hest sees life as spirit and her lamp as ligh whereas the modern generation knov the lamp to be carbon and glass.

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our opinion, Hester was a fraud, with no spiritual intimations and only a patter of Platonism to pass as wisdom, but she was obsessed by the Will to Power. She held sway over the hearts and the imaginations of her lovers by giving nothing, and she eliminated her rivals by exerting her malign and abnormal influence over every beautiful young girl who from time to time seemed to threaten her reign. That so many young people could have been enthralled by Hester is the incredible thing. The prototypes of Hester exist in almost any community, but at most one or two lives are sacrificed to their vanity. Fortunately, nature is a little too strong for the Hesters of the world to make many victims. Hester was no pathetic, sex-starved spinster, turning sour because of emotional frustration. Surfeited with adoration, she battened on the hearts of all about her. Her virginity was a deliberate choice, a means to her ends. If frustrated in any way, it was only in the most obscure regions of the subconscious. Where the individual emerges from the species, Hester's self-realization is complete. Physically and mentally she remains *virgo intacta,* withholding her bodily and mental powers for the strange warfare she wages upon youth and love and all the natural relations. She leaves ruin in her wake. It is an amazing character study, and even if Miss Latimer's young neurotics are sometimes incredible, it is only a surface incredibility, for the author is faithful to essential truth throughout. The difficult theme is handled with authority and the book is beautifully written. We have just learned that Miss Latimer is a girl in her early twenties, and we are incidentally glad that we did not know this when reading this adult novel which betrays no taint of precocity.

In "War Among Ladies" we meet other and more pitiful types of celibates than Miss Latimer's monster of virginity. Eleanor Scott reveals life behind the scenes in a girls' school as no other author has attempted to do. Boys' schools have received frank treatment in fiction from the days of "Tom Jones" down to "Stalky" and "Of Human Bondage." In fact, we are finding the detailed chronicle of every youth's encounter with the English educational system a little monotonous. But never has the young ladies' seminary been handled without gloves, as in this recent novel. The tragedy of the superannuated school-teacher scorned by the faculty, baited by her own pupils, terrified at the prospect of destitution, is presented by Miss Scott with almost unbearable poignancy. And throughout we are impressed, as in stories of massacres, with the circumstance that only one escaped to tell the tale! The pretty new teacher, Viola Kennedy, is the only one to get away in the novel. We suspect the author of having known that charming girl rather well. At the end of her career, poor Miss Cullen ruminates upon education with the pessimism of Henry Adams. "Wasn't it that no one quite knew what they did want of that talisman Education, or even quite what it was?"

From "A History of Wood-Engraving" Courtesy E. P. Dutton & Co.

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A wood engraving by Ethelbert White

Southern Verse of a New Day

By J. DANA TASKER

"The Lyric South," an anthology of recent poetry, edited by Addison Hibbard. The Macmillan Company.

For many years Southern poetry in the main has been only a retelling of Poe and Lanier. Now, suddenly, there appears a new spirit. Rich as their work is in the traditional charm of Southern lyricism, these new poets stand alone upon their own inherent qualities; they are far more than mere disciples of great masters. There is no trace in this collection of the old retelling tendency, unless perhaps the descriptive poems echo too much the rolling harmony of Lanier's verse. In a few instances this similarity is apparent, yet never does it seem to be conscious imitation. Making a necessary allowance for personal tastes, as one must do in considering an anthology that compasses such a wide range of subjects, one may say that nowhere in this volume does imitation impair the spontaneity of genuine moods. "Emotion recollected in tranquillity" is here put into pure poetry.

The work of Addison Hibbard in compiling his anthology of "recent poetry from the South" merits recognition. Few such collections, confined to as restricted areas and periods as this one is, include so many delightful poems. The editor has limited his choices to those poems which actually have grown out of the South during the past twelve years—lyrics which seem to him to characterize the peculiarly personal spirit of that specific section at that particular time. The titles under which Mr. Hibbard has grouped his selections bear witness to

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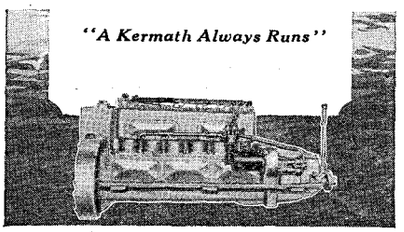

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the keen sympathy the man brings to his work. "The Searching Spirit," "Cool-Enfolding Death," "People and Portents," and "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting"—these indicate a fine poetic instinct.

"The Lyric South" provides valuable material for the student of American literature and thoroughly enjoyable verse for the more mildly concerned general reader. Thirty-one different authors are represented, and the contributions of at least a third of that number are outstanding for lyric achievement. There are here so many eminently good poems that it is impossible to do them full justice in a short review. Rather, it is more to the point to recommend the purchase of the anthology to all who enjoy good literature. Only through that sort of relationship can one appreciate the significant work of these new Southern poets. Among them, Du Bose Heyward's sympathetic portraits of the mountaineer and Kadra Maysi's modern interpretation of her "Marse Robert" theme deserve special consideration. They are the high-water marks in a splendid collection of contemporary verse.

On Understanding the Catholic

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

"Catholicism and the American Mind," by Winfred Ernest Garrison. Willett, Clark, & Colby.

The nomination of Alfred E. Smith for the Presidency of the United States will unquestionably quicken American interest in the Roman Catholic Church. No matter what the political leaders of the parties may say or refrain from saying, a good many voters are going to be influenced by their attitude toward that Church. This campaign might prove useful in helping Protestants and Catholics to clear away some of the misunderstandings between them if those attempting to write upon the subject could do so with as much real knowledge and in as fine a temper as Winfred Ernest Garrison, of the University of Chicago Divinity School. Professor Garrison is a historian, president, in fact, of the American Society of Church History. As a historian he is accustomed to make an objective, factual approach. His new book, "Catholicism and the American Mind," is an honest, straightforward attempt to do that very thing in this most perplexing field. He confesses his own biases, so that the reader may make proper allowance for them. He is a Protestant, but he says, "My chief desire in connection with this book is to make its exposition of Catholic faith and practice so accurate and so fair that a well-informed Catholic, reading my statement of what Catholics believe and do, will say, Yes, this is exactly what we believe and do."

With such an aim the author gives as clear a picture as he can of Roman Catholicism. He finds it to be two things—a form of faith and worship and a form of government, with authority as the key word of the whole system. He emphasizes another dominating conception, the idea of the supernatural world, a world whose processes cannot be accounted for by any methods available to science. This supernaturalism becomes the basis and support of three chief convictions which Catholics hold and Protestants do not. These are: first, the perfection of the Catholic religion as a system of doctrine and practice; second, the infallibility of the visible Church and the Pope; and, third, the authority of the Church over its own members in all that relates to faith and morals, together with all the spiritual and temporal power necessary to wield that authority. It is this last conviction which, of course, raises the questions which agitate American politics today. The Church teaches that there are properly two spheres, that of the Church and that of the State. If these spheres of control were clearly defined all might be well, but the fact is that they are not clearly defined. Many subjects seem properly to fall into both, and "the Catholic Church steadfastly maintains its right to control here and now some areas which the State also claims." There are today three important conflict areas—marriage, property, and education. What is the duty of the Catholic in such a case? What will the American Catholic actually do? Professor Garrison does not specifically answer these questions, but he tries to give the data on which the reader may answer them for himself. He gives the historical background of these questions and he tries to describe accurately the Church as it is today. He refutes old calumnies against the Church; he also critically examines some legends in its favor, such as that of Catholic toleration in Maryland and Catholic origin of the Declaration of Independence.

He sums up his painstaking study in these words: "Between the Catholic Church and other Churches there can be no fellowship because the former will have no fellowship except submission. Between individual Catholics and non-Catholics there must be co-operation in social, industrial, and political life."

This book is well written. It is carefully documented. It is interesting. It is timely. It ought to help Protestants to understand their Catholic neighbors. We hope it will be matched in the near future by as careful and sympathetic a study of Protestantism by a Catholic.

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

George and Pearl Adams's
A Book About Paris
Harcourt, Brace

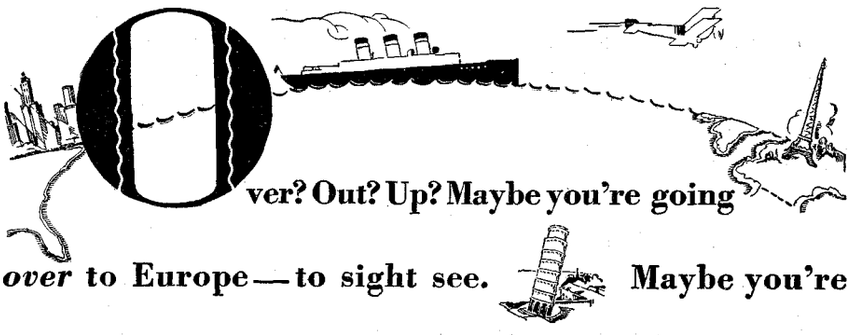
If you would like to know something about the real Paris—not the Paris of the tourists—you will find it very entertainingly presented here. The authors have lived in Paris for many years, they have a real knowledge and love of the city, yet they are neither ponderous nor lyrical about it. The roadways, the streets, the seat of government, village life in Paris, Montmartre, the luxury of Paris—these are some of the subjects which have chapters to themselves. There are sixteen illustrations, very beautifully reproduced in two colors and in monochrome, from drawings by H. Franks Waring. If you're going to Paris, or if you've just come back, you'll particularly enjoy this book. We'd like to see one done about New York with as much knowledge and sympathy.

Sydney Horler's
The Black Heart
Doubleday, Doran

A stranger offered Gilbert Chertsey 10,000 francs on condition that he take up his residence in a certain house in London. From the moment that Gilbert finds a dead man in the wardrobe as he explores his new home things begin to happen all over the place. There's a mystery girl and a keen-eyed Secret Servicer and white-slavers and a group of sinister villains who wish to plunge Europe into a bath of blood. But our Gilbert foils 'em, and averts the impending doom. Personally, we feel that if he'd let 'em alone everything would have been all right, because they were so busy being wicked that they didn't seem to work out just what they were being wicked about. However, if you don't insist on having reasons for everything, the tale is sufficiently exciting.

Julia Davis Adams's
The Swords of the Vikings
Dutton

The Viking code was a simple and a rough one, and these stories, translated for children from the chronicles of Saxo Grammaticus, illustrate it very clearly. Here are Hading and Hagen and Balder the Beautiful and Uffe the Silent and Amleth, Prince of Denmark, who is none other than the original Hamlet of Danish legend, and many others. We liked Oluff, who, scorning to soil his sword with the base blood of a robber, simply grabbed that robber and tore him easily limb from limb. These are the sort of people we like to read about, and children like to read about them too. They are ferocious, and children understand



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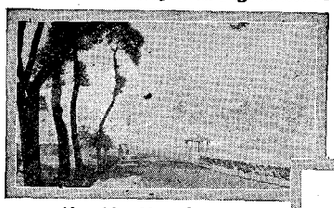

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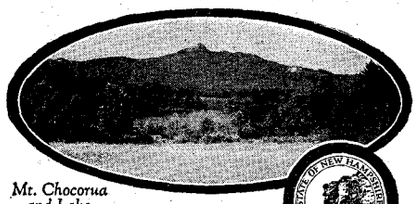

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that. Their psychology is simple and offers no problems. If they're good, they're very, very good, and if they're bad, they're horrid. There is no middle ground. We wish there had been a few more of those colored illustrations by Suzanne Lassen.

Alice Campbell's
Juggernaut
Doubleday, Doran

The strange reluctance of the author to kill off Sir Charles Clifford turns the first two hundred pages of this story into the slow movie of a murder, but the last third is full of suspense and excitement. Curiously innocent was Esther Rowe, assistant to the python-like Dr. Sartorius, and later nurse to Sir Charles. If she had ever read a single detective story, the repulsive hands of the beautiful Lady Clifford should have told her volumes. And a child of ten would have suspected the doctor. Still, she paid heavily for a time for her blindness, although in the end she brought the villain to book and landed the hero.

Delia J. Akeley's
"J. T., Jr."
Macmillan

The biography of this African monkey is a lot more interesting than the biographies of some humans we have read. She was a constant companion of Mrs. Akeley on hunting and exploring expeditions for a number of years, and the stories of her exploits are very entertaining. Incidentally, they also give a fairly complete and interesting account of the life of an explorer in elephant country. J. T. was an intelligent and affectionate pet. Also, she was as neat and fastidious as a cat, a fact which may surprise those who have seen monkeys only in zoos. The book is illustrated with some sixty very interesting photographs.

Castanets and Mantillas

(*Continued from page 585*)

tire satisfaction. All this gives opportunity for much movement and color, while the dramatic moment is amusing and well handled. A "Zorongo" in two parts was particularly effective, danced as it was by the three couples while Argentina and Jorge Spanover did a *pas à deux* that was thrilling.

"Sonatina" was an unimportant though charming little affair; but it was the next part of the program, "Au Cœur de Seville," another cabaret scene, which was perhaps the most interesting in point of view of actual dancing.

A "Faruca," danced by Raïmundo Collego, was most unusual and fairly brought down the house, as did the "Alegrias" of Carmen Joselito, who sings as well as dances and is nearly as much of a sensation as Argentina herself.

In the final part of the program, the "Suite de Danses," the star shows us her famous "Danza V.," "La Corrida," and "La Danse Rituelle du Feu," from "L'Amour Sorcier." As a finale she gives us a folk-dance of Toledo, "Lagaterana," a delightful, grotesque affair in which she is dressed in vivid colors and many red-flannel petticoats.

In all her dances Mme. Argentina displays a versatility, a brilliance of technique, and a taste in costuming amounting in itself to positive genius. As for her playing of the castanets, it is so amazing that one can scarcely credit one's ears. In fact, Argentina with her castanets takes her place with Segovia and his guitar, and they are both unequaled.

This great artist has appeared in New York, but for some extraordinary reason has not made the success one would expect. However, we can safely predict that if she comes to Manhattan with the same company and program that she is now showing us at the Théâtre Femina here, she will soon have the town at her feet. Let us hope that day is not far off!

Miniatures from the Life

(*Continued from page 584*)

the channel. But it was to be observed among the spectators that her spirit was slightly dashed. However, the younger generation on the shore noticed with satisfaction that the Betsy Ann had fractured her guard-rails in the attack.

The old stoic was unaware that she had been injured. With her pores oozing sweat and her funnels steaming fire, she rushed on like a groaning tornado down her side of the given course. The young thing, with no apparent effort, sped swiftly as a bird.

At last the finish line was in sight. The spectators held their breath with excitement. Surely the old favorite could not keep up this pace. The roar of her boilers could be heard on shore. At any moment she might burst her iron stays and go down. The young thing was moving easily—now she was ahead.

Then with a roaring and a steaming, and an effort that churned to boiling the amazed waters of the Ohio, the old steamboat gave her final lunge. Nearer —then abreast—now ahead! And over the line.

The old water-logged generation, with its figure built for emotion and endurance, had won the race.

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C. P. PAGE, HAVERHILL, N. H.

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Beautiful Country Estate, 45 acres, 17-room house, suitable outbuildings, convenient to Philadelphia, New York, and seashore resorts. W. H. BOWKER, Medford, N. J.

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FARM FOR SALE
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WANTED—A trained community center or social worker for rural community work in southern Vermont. Must have enthusiasm and like country life. Good salary to right person. Address Miss Bertha Estey, Putney, Vt.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COLLEGE girl, 20, desires position as tutor or traveling companion during coming year. Knowledge of French and Spanish. 8,637, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, 20, desires position as governess, companion, or tutor on European or other tour. Knowledge of French and Spanish. 8,638, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate wants position as lady's companion or gentleman's secretary. Anxious to be useful. Box 459, Scarsdale, N. Y.

CULTURED woman desires position as housemother in school for girls or housekeeper in home where practical and executive ability would be an asset. 8,632, Outlook.

HEADMASTER of unusual scholarship, character, and executive ability would consider a like position in preparatory civilian school of high grade. Address Magister, 8,634, Outlook.

DIETITIAN—Housekeeper of experience wishes position September 1 in private school or women's club. References. 8,635, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER, study-hall supervisor, general assistant, in private school or college. Refined Protestant teacher. Exceptional experience. 8,605, Outlook.

NURSE—Child-caring institution or Protestant boys' school. Near New York preferred. 8,636, Outlook.

NURSE desires engagement with invalid. Capable, refined. No objection to country or seashore. Good traveler. Excellent physician's testimonial. 8,630, Outlook.

REFINED, educated woman desires position as private secretary, companion, or home supervisor. References. 8,625, Outlook.

TUTORS, companions, managing housekeepers, nursemaids, governess, hostess. Holmes Employment, Providence, R. I.

WANTED—Position as tutor or companion to one child or more. Smith College girl, well bred and tactful. Proficient in French and music. Splendid health, good family background. Best of credentials. At liberty after September 1. 8,633, Outlook.

WOMAN, 32, university graduate, traveled, experienced teacher and pastor's assistant desires position where this background will be useful. 8,624, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

Public Utilities and the Political Campaign

(*Continued from page 576*)

erally to affect public opinion in their favor.

All of this foregoing account of the "power trust" investigation shows one of the difficulties of private development and must be taken into consideration in any analysis of the subject. Yet it is not the whole story.

Now let us see how the Presidential candidates stand on this question of the ownership and operation of utilities. In one of the propaganda books I have mentioned, "Aladdin, U. S. A.," Mr. Hoover is repeatedly quoted, because, the author says, he "appears to have a broader vision of this whole subject than any other man in the United States." Mr. Hoover says:

> Neither our National nor our State governments are planned or equipped for the task of Government operation of utilities. . . .
>
> Under Government ownership, partisanship, "log-rolling," and politics would be inseparable accompaniments of administration. No great business can be efficiently administered by such a board or on such a basis of choice. We shall convert business into politics, and surrender efficiency for spoils. If we distribute railway extensions as we distribute public buildings; if we locate electric power plants as we locate reclamation projects; if we divide up public industries generally as we share river and harbor improvements and army and navy stations—then, as surely as night follows day, facilities will be wastefully provided for those districts or groups which are politically strong, and they will not be adequately provided for the districts or groups which are politically weak.

Governor Smith, when a member of the New York Legislature, went on record as far back as 1907 by voting against a grant to the Long Sault Development Company, a subsidiary of the Pittsburgh Aluminum Company (owned largely by Secretary Mellon's family), to develop the power of the Long Sault Rapids. After a Republican Administration had made the grant, it was rescinded by a Democratic Legislature and Governor. Since then Smith's stand has consistently been for the ownership of water power by the public, "to whom it rightfully belongs."

In 1926 Governor Smith's opponent for office was Ogden Mills, whose family is a large holder of utility securities, and the Governor declared that water-power resources were "the greatest single issue of this campaign." In one of his speeches he asserted that "the Aluminum Trust has had its eye on the St. Lawrence River for a great many years," and quoted Theodore Roosevelt as having said:

> You have elected too many men in the past who have taken what belonged to the Nation. Coal and oil barons cannot compare with water-power barons. Do not let them get a monopoly on what belongs to this State. . . . There has been an effort to give that control to the Aluminum Trust. . . . We are poor citizens if we allow the things worth most to get into the hands of a few.

An entire section of "Progressive Democracy," a compilation of Governor Smith's speeches and State papers, is devoted to his views on the conservation of natural resources, and a large part of it is occupied with water-power questions. He opposes private ownership of local, State, or National properties of this sort. I have space here to quote only one passage from the mass of material at hand:

> The question of water-power development at the present time is receiving Nation-wide attention. Giant power combines naturally will stand against the proposal of a public authority, but it is difficult to be in sympathy with their view-point because it is purely selfish. On the other hand, there is today an insistent and growing demand for the development of these power resources by their rightful owners—the people themselves. . . .
>
> There is one way to get the full benefit of hydroelectric energy for the small storekeeper, the small home-owner, and the people on the farm, and that is to have the State retain the ownership not only of the source of the power, but of the development works.

Here is one campaign issue for 1928 which appeals neither to racial nor religious passion, but which can be considered in the light of cool reason. Those who wish to vote effectively in November might well inform themselves regarding its intricacies.

The Movies

(*See page 587*)

"Abie's Irish Rose."—Just like the play. It's a system.
"Across to Singapore."—Ramon Novarro and Ernest Torrence pulling nautical rough stuff.
"The Actress."—"Trelawney of the Wells" picturized, with a fine cast.
"The Crowd."—A sad story, beautifully directed.
"Dawn."—The soul-stirring drama of Edith Cavell.
"Doomsday."—Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!
"Dressed to Kill."—The ace of the crook plays.
"The Drag Net."—Don't ask us why you'll like it—go and see it.
"Drums of Love."—Pomp, pathos, and Lionel Barrymore.
"The End of St. Petersburg."—Startlingly fine Russian production.
"Fazil."—Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen in something terribly phony.
"Four Sons."—It's a fine film, but too long.
"Fools for Luck."—Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields—but the verdict is "No."
"The Jazz Singer."—Al Jolson sings, and that's all.
"Kentucky Courage."—A successor to "Tol'able David," with Richard Barthelmess.
"Ladies of the Mob."—Clara Bow gets a chance to act and does so.
"The Last Command."—The great Jannings. See it.
"The Last Moment."—Good photography, but little else.
"The Legion of the Condemned."—The so-called sequel to "Wings."
"The Lights of New York."—How curious are you about talking pictures?
"The Lion and the Mouse."—Lionel Barrymore talks—making this picture worth going to.
"Love."—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. Recommended.
"A Night of Mystery."—Adolphe Menjou—just fair.
"The Magnificent Flirt."—Sophisticated and funny, with Florence Vidor and Albert Conti.
"The Noose."—A moderately absorbing film, with Richard Barthelmess, Alice Joyce, and Montague Love.
"The Racket."—The triumphant return of Thomas Meighan.
"Ramona."—Scenically beautiful, but pretty syrupy.
"The Red Dance."—Pulled through by Raoul Walsh's stalwart direction.
"Red Hair."—Clara Bow in her big disrobing act.
"Sadie Thompson."—Gloria Swanson trying hard.
"The Secret Hour."—Pola Negri in a good picture.
"Simba."—The Martin Johnson masterpiece.
"Skyscraper."—Thoroughly enjoyable.
"Something Always Happens."—An amusing little thriller, with the ornamental Esther Ralston.
"Street Angel."—A beautiful, tiresome picture.
"The Street of Sin."—Regardless of Emil Jannings, we thought it was terrible.
"Sunrise."—Dr. Murnau's supreme achievement.
"Telling the World."—At last—a good William Haines picture.
"The Trail of '98."—The grandest scenes now on view.
"Warming Up."—Richard Dix and Jean Arthur make this baseball picture a good show.
"Wheel of Chance."—A fine double-rôle performance by Richard Barthelmess.

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